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THE PARTING HOUR.

BY WILLIS CAROL.

How shall I live through all the years
That must pass ere we two meet again?
How shall I hide from the world my tears,
Or mask, with laughter, this bitter pain?

How shall I touch my lips to smile,
That are warm and red with your kisses yet?
Is there a balm for this heart-ache while?
Must I remember, who should forget?

Ah! it time bringeth us only peace,
He hath done full well—we ask no more—
And well for us that this hour's woe
Even Time, himself, can ne'er restore?

A WOMAN'S VOW.

BY MARY E. WOODSON.

CHAPTER V.

"A GOLDEN ARMOR DOES NOT ALWAYS WARD OFF THE BARBED ARROW OF REMORSE."

A gallery of art at Paris; and among the thousand votaries of fashion there, Carroll Tressylian walked arm-in-arm with his beautiful young wife. The worshipping husband was supremely proud of his lady's resplendent charms, as the idlest beholder might read in his clear, contented face.

Mrs. Tressylian's countenance on the other hand, with all its heyday freshness and beauty, had just the shade of a shadow always upon it, as if life had already become a more commonplace sort of thing to her than to the husband at her side, who must have a good many more than twice her years.

One would have fancied her the connoisseur, and his the eye of a novice, as they strolled amid those world-renowned works of art, for Mrs. Tressylian's fine nose was just a little *retroussé*, as the French might have said, and she was endowed with that intuitive idea of good breeding that would not permit her to look astonished at anything.

"My love," said Mr. Tressylian at last, when the gay prattlers around them had begun to marvel at their protracted silence, "only look at this old painting of Vandyke! Is there not something in the face that reminds you of our young friend Earle Templeton?"

A pale *rose tendre* flush passed over Mrs. Tressylian's face; but it was gone in a moment.

"Where?" she asked, coldly, lifting her large eyes for the first time. "I do not see."

"Why here, my Florence!" replied her husband, bringing her around face to face with one of the master paintings of an artist long dead and gone. "Look at that. The face may be something older and more care-worn, but the nose, the eyes, the brow, and the very cut of the mouth are the same. I fancy Earle would look just like that, if some great sorrow were suddenly to transform him from youth to an old age of the heart."

"I can see no resemblance," said Mrs. Tressylian, slowly; "Mr. Templeton's face is young and fresh. It is more pleasant to remember it so, than to be fancying how it would look with shadows upon it. They will come soon enough, I dare say."

"For God's sake, my love!" cried Mr. Tressylian, "do not speak in that tone again, or you will break my heart. It sounded as though you had lost your last friend!"

"That must have seemed very ungrateful in me," she replied, with a little laugh, "but you must forgive me, dear. I was only beginning to feel something fatigued. Shall we go home now?"

"With all my heart, if you wish it."

"Allons, then; I am afraid I am a spoiled child, yet; but, as time goes on, I may, under your kind influence, become nearer what you would wish."

"I shall never want you to be any sweeter or better than you are now, Florence."

"You are good enough to think so, now, but after awhile you will weary of my whims, and wish me to be wise like yourself."

"And sadder with your knowledge, perhaps? No, Floy, I would keep you always as you are."

"Thank you, Mr. Tressylian. I shall never be good enough for you," and there was the mist of a tear in her eyes, as she averted her head. Mr. Tressylian saw it, and drew her fondly toward him, as he took his seat beside her in their carriage, which they had now entered.

"Do not trouble yourself with such vain thoughts, my love," he whispered, caressingly. "I am far more than satisfied with you. Indeed I can hardly yet realize my bliss. What a blessed day that was, when I met you in the park with Earle, and the dear boy introduced me to you. I loved you the very first instant you looked up at me with those tender, passionate, dangerous eyes; for grand, luminous orbs like yours are often a fatal weapon with women, my dear, and they generally know how to use it."

She had, she knew, and she held her peace.

"Did you slay many hearts with yours, my love? You have never told me. Come, a confession is good for the soul, they say. How many were in love with you when I came in to win the prize? Was any one I know?"

"You had best ask them. We can never be too certain of hearts, even if the lips have pledged them to us."

"That is too skeptical a doctrine for you to teach," said Mr. Tressylian, rather sadly; "my life! any one to hear you would fancy that you had been deceived or disappointed."

"Perhaps I have. Who knows?"

"Hush!" said her husband, passionately. "You are jesting, Florence, I know; but the very thought of your ever having by possibility loved another drives me mad. I might have survived the thought in my youth; but men of my age love with a far stronger passion than in youth."

"God knows I hope so," answered his wife, with sudden fervor.

"They do, Florence. You could not care for me as I do for you, because of your youth."

"I shall be eighteen in a few weeks."

"Ah! how terribly old!" he rejoined, smiling. "You know nothing, thank Heaven, of the fraud and treachery and lying deceit of the great world, and long may it be, my child, ere such knowledge comes to you."

Little did he dream that her heart was already burdened with its own great weight; that she could never, never reveal, even to him, the husband of her irrevocable choice.

"Carroll!"

"Ah! darling, your voice is like sweet music to my soul," he cried, delightedly. "It has been so long since anyone called me by my Christian name. I never thought it pretty until now. Will you always call me by it?"

"If I can remember."

"Then say it again to keep you in practice."

She obeyed, and he clasped her convulsively to his heart.

"Florence!" he cried, "be always tender and true to me, child, in every thought. I want them all, every throb of your pulse, every particle of your being. The world imagines me a man of smooth, easy temperament, with no especial ardor of sentiment; but still waters are always deepest, and I love you passionately, wildly, my own!"

"Suppose you should some day discover that I had been untrue to you all along," she said, presently; "not untrue as a wife, for that supposition even I could never conceive, but untrue in the impression I have created, and that I had never loved you, that I had even loved another before my marriage with you?"

Mr. Tressylian's brow darkened, until even she, the petted and caressed idol of his heart, grew alarmed.

"I was never easily provoked," he answered, quickly, "and I am not by nature at all jealous. My confidence is then easily won, and might last where the suspicions of others, perhaps as wise, would long have been awakened. But such natures are the most dangerous when aroused, and God have mercy on the man or woman who would repay my trust with falsehood, my love with deception. I should be tempted to play Othello indeed, Florence, and destroy the life that is now the dearest gift of Heaven, with my own hands. But, my love, look up. Have I frightened you?"

"Yes."

"Then you must punish me for that. I cannot readily forgive myself."

"I had thought you all gentleness before, Carroll."

"I shall always be to you, Florence. I could only be a lion where I had been ill used."

"But you might be taught to think some one had been playing upon you when they had not?"

"No. I could never act upon suspicion. The proofs would have to be incontestible, and then I would kill my dearest friend with most readiness, because there the trust had been greatest. But you, dear, can never know my wrath. Be true to me, and your life shall be one long dream of bliss, if I can make it so. No rough wind shall ever touch your fair brow; you shall live in fairy halls of enchantment, with the flowers you love so well blooming about you, when the world without is covered with snow. You shall dress like a princess, and wear jewels that would grace a queen; and such love as every true woman must long for—passionate, undying, idolatrous—shall encompass you every hour of the day and night. And all I ask in return is that you be faithful, and reward me with such measure of your own love as you can command. Am I too exacting?"

"You could not be that," she answered, her face still pale, in spite of his reassuring smile, "for at best the reward would be a very, very poor one, my husband."

"I am more than satisfied, as I said; so look up and smile, my beloved, or I shall not soon forgive myself for all the worry I cause you. Only at times, my heart's own! the idea will recur to me that my happiness is too great to last, and I like to have the brooding fancy dispelled by the indubitable evidence of your own words."

Ah, let the dream last while it may! The awakening is not far ahead.

MR. AND MRS. TRESSYLIAN IN THE GALLERY OF ART AT PARIS.

CHAPTER VI.

HUSBAND AND FRIEND.

On one of the public streets of N——, a sign-board faced you, bearing this inscription—

"TRESSYLIAN & TEMPLETON,
Attorneys-at-Law."

While on the wall just below, the words "UP-STAIRS" might warn the chance pedestrian that he must ascend the flight of steps just beyond the open doorway, if he had any business with the firm in question or indeed with any of the numberless "limbs" of the profession who had constituted the square of buildings just here, the acknowledged "Temple Bar" of N——.

Mounting the steps, then, as no one would be loth to do, for it was a chill, rainy day in autumn, when close carriages sheltered wealthy occupants from the inclemency of the weather, and only tougher mediocrity must be content to have the inclemency of the weather warded off by the imperfect canopy of an umbrella, you would face at its head a door that would introduce you at once into the sanctum sanctorum of the firm.

The walls, as you would see, were loaded with shelves, and crowded from floor to ceiling with law books of every grade, human and divine, civil and penal, from the Pentateuch to the Sermon on the Mount—from the municipal regulations of Romulus and Lycurgus to the Pandects of Justinian. Statutes, monarchical, autocratic, oligarchical and republican, from the charter of Runnymede to the Declaration of Independence. Pleadings and Commentaries, Chitty's, Blackstone's, Burke's and Coke's, down to the "last act" of the last session of Parliament.

Papers and parchments in drawers, and papers and parchments on tables. Every form of legal process, filled and blank. Stationery, in legal cap, foolscap, letter and note. Bills, briefs and testamentary documents; and in every possible receptacle, within reach of you, wherever you might sit or stand, pens, ink, india-rubber, pounce, office quills, pencils, inkstands, pen-knives, sealing-wax, wafers, red tape, &c., until you wondered how many years it must have taken to collect them all, and whether they could ever be used up.

There were two men amid all this seeming confusion. The men whose names had been given on the sign-board, at the bottom of the stairway.

Earle Templeton—the younger—sat at a desk filled with documents on file, his strongly-marked features clearly outlined against the light that streamed through the panes of the window by which he was stationed. This window, had he been disposed to study the prospect beyond, would have revealed to his visual organs a brief span of frowning cloud above, while square before him rose a broadside of moth-streaked, dust-dried, rain-moistened wall—a second Tower of Babel, so far as the window told. Looking askance and downward, he would have seen a patch upon the face of his mother-earth enameled with coal dust, and scattered over with the refuse of ash-heaps; a wretched, disgusting spectacle, comparing with the unbroken surface of the landscape beyond the city, as a miserable outcast perishing in an obscure street-alley, to a young and beautiful maiden in the freshness of early hope.

But Earle Templeton did not look up, and neither the wall with its lichen, nor the darkened sky, nor earth, had once attracted his eye. His facile pen glided over page after page of the parchment roll before him, and the concentrated thought enthroned upon his clear, expansive brow, excluded the possibility of random speculations or dreamy inanition.

In nothing had Carroll Tressylian furnished clearer evidence of his powers of discernment, or of his susceptibility to natural affection, than in his treatment of Earle Templeton—a treatment characterized on his part by a profuse liberality and the most watchful tenderness. The young man, however—especially in the last few months—had rewarded him with an absolute surrender of time and talents, but without that light in the eye, or the occasional grasp of the hand, that would have been a far more grateful *quid pro quo*, in the estimation of his patron, than the skilful execution of the labor of a whole department of clerks.

A painful impression that Templeton, whom he loved with a tenderness that few parents lavish upon a favored son, was especially of late striving, with unceasing zeal, to repay in labor the measure of gratitude which he could not fill up with affection, seemed to disturb the usually even current of Mr. Tressylian's thoughts, for his eyes wandered from time to time, with rather an anxious expression, to the grave face of the young man before him ere he ventured to speak.

"Earle!"

"In one moment, Mr. Tressylian."

Templeton finished the paragraph with a few more strokes of his steady pen, wiped the ink from its point, inverted it in the standish, and, turning, faced the questioner, his countenance unrelaxed, his dark eyes mutely interrogatory.

"Leave briefs and formulas, at least on a day like this; Earle, I desire to talk with you awhile."

"I am at your service, sir."

The lid of the desk closed with a spring, and Templeton's arm rested upon it.

"Ah, that brings me to the point at once, my dear boy."

The lines about the young man's mouth relaxed in amusement or ridicule, at the juvenile appellation, while the other gravely continued—

"You are too much 'at my service,' Earle; too zealous by half, in the discharge of every duty. Pain and astonishment were the prevailing emotions with which I looked over the books, and took a survey of the office, when I was last here, after an absence of a few short weeks at the sea-side with my wife—then Miss Eglinton; during which I expected that you, too, would have been dividing the time in your chambers between cigarettes and iced sherbets; or gaining freshness in the country, for the work of the coming sessions. I have been absent one month more, and I find in that brief period, you alone have nicely accomplished a work, which I had allotted as our joint-labor for the next half year. Since my departure, you must have been here night and day, as intent as I have seen you for the last hour; and I left you, as you remember, too ill to be present at my marriage. You could not imagine I would expect this of you?"

"Perhaps not, sir," answered Templeton, after a moment's hesitation. "Indeed I my confess that my motives were entirely selfish. My disease had no apathetic tendency; nor could slight lotions, or dalliance with the season's palliatives, assuage the symptoms. My strength was, and is, unabated."

"The masked iron of your constitution, could, I doubt not, Earle, stand a heavier siege than that to which you have subjected it. Yet abused nature has exacted her tribute even from you. You are paler, and lack a certain vivacity of manner which distinguished you a few months since."

"Apart from every consideration of the obligations which bound me to you, sir," said Templeton, coldly, "I repeat that the work was necessary to me. It is true," he added, observing the expression of pain that passed over Mr. Tressylian's countenance—"I may have fallen into a *cacoethes scribendi*, (a bad habit of writing) when left alone; and if a little venesection was necessary to produce the desired cacochymy, I trust no farther harm was done."

"Yet if the necessity for blood-letting is past," answered Mr. Tressylian, gravely, "I fear the remedy to which you resorted, like the sufferer who begins with an opiate and finally imagines he cannot do without it—has obtained a morbid fascination over you, that will be even more dangerous in its results than the original disease. The '*cacoethes*' is not destroyed—or else—a symptom more alarming because more deeply seated—you have a motive. May I ask what that is?"

"They are complex, sir," said Templeton, coloring slightly. "Perhaps the generic term 'ambition' may cover the whole."

"A generic term indeed," answered Mr. Tressylian, with a grave smile. "Ambition of what? Our intimate relations will justify my assuming the character of inquisitor."

"Of Fame and Fortune," replied the young man, with slow emphasis.

"They are desiderata within your ultimate reach, perhaps, Earle," said Mr. Tressylian, eyeing him narrowly. "But could those results of an uncertain future securely attained, recompense you for an utter immolation of self to the present? Industrialists are never wearied with telling us of the slow plodding of the tortoise—and it may be a very good lesson for people who require a lever to propel them at all; but you undertake the double work of the tortoise and the hare, without the refreshing sleep of the latter, which I always thought a very sensible thing—only carried too far. Are you not afraid you will obtain the goal so much earlier than necessary, that you will have a distressingly long time to feel the weariness of life, when there is nothing to divert? You will then remember, with bitterness, the hours that might have been whiled so pleasantly away, along the journey. Life was not designed to be an incessant treadmill."

"Better that—'better faint in the harness than madden in stagnation,'" replied Earle, with a slight frown. "And I have a force in reserve, Mr. Tressylian, although it may be in ambush. When I feel that that is being overpowered, I shall fall back. Our starting-points have been too unequal, sir, for us to judge each other. I owe you more than I can ever express—more than I care to remember; but if I seem—if I am ungrateful—I must still—excuse me, sir—go on in my own way. It is the only course left to me. 'Festina lente' has been your motto—a wise one, I know—yet a desperate case might require an opposite remedy. Mine has been a desperate one, and I have turned unflinchingly to the alternative. We are not, I fear, likely to understand each other better by discussion."

"I fear not," answered Mr. Tressylian, with a deep sigh; "and yet you distress me, Earle. Mrs. Tressylian was speaking of you only last night, and wondered what had come over you. By the way, she is charmed with her new home. You know we went out on yesterday. You will remember the dinner to our friends to-morrow and come out, will you not? Your avoidance of society is exciting some comment."

"When is it? To-morrow? Yes, sir, I will come," answered Templeton, in some confusion.

"Thank you, my dear fellow. And when once we get you there, we shall endeavor to keep you awhile. It is easy enough to put up a notice, 'Out of town for a day or so.' Here is my carriage at the door. At what hour shall we look for you?"

"When does the train come down, sir?"

"At twenty minutes past one. But you must not be fashionable with us. I can send the carriage in for you at nine."

"Thank you, sir. It is unnecessary. Let me come down with your other guests."

"Well, since you prefer it. Will you go down now?"

"Not just yet, sir. Good-day."

"Good evening, Earle;" and Mr. Tressylian went out alone. "At what hour does he dine, I wonder?" he muttered, as he stepped into his glittering carriage, and drew the buffalo-robe about him. "I can't make out what is the matter with him. It is scarcely love, I think. The tender passion would render him more amenable to the duties of social life. Alone in the world! I pitied him, as I looked at him to-day. He has not even paid his respects to Florence since her marriage. My darling Florence—will she be impatient for my coming? I am afraid she has passed a lonely day;" and Mr. Tressylian called to the driver to quicken his pace.

CHAPTER VII.

"IF I COULD HEAR YOU LAUGH ONCE MORE, DARLE?"

Winter had set in, in good earnest. The falling leaves swirled in eddies like a band of madcap fairies, dancing over the heights of Coldham. Mr. Tressylian stood watching their gambols from the steps of his portico, as the train stopped at the station not fifty yards distant. He looked at his watch. It was exactly twenty minutes past one.

A little, jewelled hand rested on his arm, and he turned, with a tender smile.

"Florence, it is too chilly for you here, my love. I can bring our guests to you, in-doors."

A fair, fresh, childish woman stood at his elbow—childish-looking, despite the matronly robe of heavy black velvet that trailed back to the door behind them, and the heavy diamond brooch that glittered beneath her pretty white chin.

"You are a little pale still, my dear," he continued, "so you should not be in this chilly wind. Papa will think his daughter scarcely improved in my keeping."

"Don't send me away," she said, in a clear, wondrously-sweet voice. "It will not hurt me to be here where you are, and the great drawing-room looks solitary with no one in it."

"Very well, little obstinacy, it will soon be echoing with old, familiar voices. There is your papa and Mr. Chiswick and Colonel Clyde. And—yes, thank Heaven, there is Earle Templeton, though I feared he meant to give us the slip again. My love—" he glanced around, but Mrs. Tressylian had disappeared.

"Why, how quietly she stole away," he muttered. "I thought she was still at my side. The dear child. I suppose she is shy at the thought of bidding her father welcome to her own house."

The atmosphere out was much sharper than it had been in the cars, and the visitors hurried up to be in-doors once more. Mr. Tressylian received them with a cordial welcome one by one.

"And my dear daughter, I thought I saw her here," said poor Mr. Eglinston, obsequiously, as he wrung the hand of his wealthy son-in-law.

"Yes," said Mr. Tressylian, "we will find her in the drawing-room. I feared the air might be too cold here. Earle, my dear boy, welcome to Coldham. I don't know why, but I feared you intended to cheat us of your company."

The powdered footman threw open the door of the splendid reception-room, and Mr. Tressylian entered in advance of his guests.

"Florence—"

The room was still vacant of all but its gorgeous furniture. Mrs. Tressylian was nowhere to be seen.

"Why, I thought Floy was here, Mr. Eglinston. I will see where she is. She was so impatiently awaiting you, too."

He looked through several rooms, while his guests were removing their wrappings, and finally crossed to her chamber.

The door was locked on the inside.

"Florence?"

The key was turned, and his wife stood before him, white and trembling.

"What is it, my treasure? Is anything the matter?"

For answer, she threw her arms around his neck and burst into tears.

"My life, what has happened? Are you ill?"

"No, no;" she sobbed. "It all seemed so strange, and new. Pray—pray believe it is nothing. Let me rest here one moment, close to your noble, tender heart, and I shall be myself again. You are pained, I see—and that is even worse than to be angry with me. My darling, darling husband, papa is quite well?"

"My heart's own! yes; and is waiting for a word of welcome from his nervous little daughter. Shall I call him to you here, for a little while?"

"After a moment. I want only you until I grow calm."

She clung, still sobbing, about his neck, like a spoiled child; yet with the passion of womanhood, too, as though her strength and her protection were alike there, upon his breast. And he, hushed and wondering at these strange and inexplicable feminine moods, clasped her in his strong arms and kissed her with beautiful, solemn tenderness.

"There is nothing to compel you to go out at all, if you are not well," said Mr. Tressylian, softly. "They will imagine that you are still fatigued with travel, and will excuse you, I know. I wish I had put off their coming a day or so longer."

"No, no," she answered, putting up one hand caressingly to his face, though her own was still hid upon his bosom. "I am quite recovered—indeed I am; and don't feel a bit fatigued. Only I saw pa—pa—and—and— But you shall see that I am quite myself again, sir. Go and send my dear father to me this instant; and you, my husband, do the honors of our house until your lady can bathe her ridiculously red eyes in *eau de cologne*, and join you; which she will do in a few moments, if you obey her at once. There, go."

She raised herself on tip-toe, kissed him, with a pretty little laugh, and thrust him from the room. He went out with a softened smile upon his lips. And in another moment, Mr. Eglinston, in his suspiciously new black suit, came tripping softly in upon her, as though he were afraid his boots might damage the carpet.

"Floy!"

"Oh, darling, darling papa!" She clasped him, too, with a little convulsive embrace, laughing and sobbing, and kissing him a dozen times.

"My dear daughter! These surely are not tears upon my face; and you, Mrs. Carroll Tressylian, too? Fie, for shame, little woman. You should be the happiest person in the three kingdoms, Floy. Only look about you. Such magnificence I have never seen, and then a husband that all the women are envying you. So handsome, so distinguished!"

"Don't talk about him, papa. Don't talk about him!" she cried, "he is ten thousand, thousand, *thousand* times too good for me. Nobody knows that half as well as I do. And mamma and the children, are they well?"

"Yes, my dear. Your mother, and your brothers and sisters are all well, and send oceans of love. Eleanor might have come in spite of its being a gentlemen's dinner, but for the continued bad weather, that has given her a cold—don't look alarmed, it is nothing to speak of. They told me I was to tell them exactly how you were fixed, but I could never think of half the elegant things about you. Where did Tressylian get these carpets?"

"In Paris, papa, where everything elegant comes from. Just peep into this wardrobe, and then at the cabinet there, with the Cupids on either side, and the Psyche in the alcove. And then you must hear the little clock on the mantel strike. Mr. Tressylian bought it because the beautiful angel that comes out with the sickle of Time in her hand was like me, he said. And here, if your eyes are not dazzled. The jewels of this casket will make you think I have imprisoned the stars."

She touched the spring of an ormolu box, and rubies, emeralds and diamonds flashed before him, until he lifted his hands in wonder.

"Floy, you are a queen."

"I know it, papa."

She talked on to him with a restless gayety that seemed to fear a pause, lest it should bring tears again, until she had bathed her eyes in cologne, and brushed her pale yellow hair, when she took his arm.

"I am ready now, papa."

"Ready for what?"

"To go and extend my tardy welcome to my husband's guests. I have behaved quite shamefully, I dare say, and he was so proud of my appearance, too. Do I look pretty, papa?"

"Better than I ever saw you, my love."

She came in on her father's arm, with just the becoming diffidence of a very young wife. Mr. Tressylian met her just inside the door, and led her forward. Every man's heart went out in a tribute of admiration to her peerless beauty.

"Mr. Templeton—Earle, you know Mrs. Tressylian?"

"Since she was a little school-girl." Earle Templeton, easy and self-possessed as the oldest man there, took her hand. "Madam, permit me to congratulate you, and to wish you the uninterrupted happiness that I am sure you deserve." The little roseate flush on her cheeks deepened as she took her seat.

"We left you ill, Mr. Templeton, when we—when I was last in N——," she said, the flush becoming of a yet deeper hue. "You are still pale—are you not entirely recovered?"

"Entirely, I fancy, Mrs. Tressylian. You magnify my indisposition. I had a slight cold, it is true, and the doctors even brought a stethoscope to examine my lungs; but they were forced to laugh at their own folly. Mr. Tressylian has been attributing an interesting pallor to me too; but for all that, I fear I am unsentimentally robust. You have a beautiful home here, madam. I have been here before, but the place has been greatly improved."

"Yes," said Florence, softly. "It is a beautiful place."

"Mr. Tressylian has manifested his appreciation of the beautiful in every act of his distinguished life," said Templeton, coldly. "I begin to fear he will succumb so entirely to its influence as to leave me much alone with my official duties during the remainder of my sojourn in N——."

"Do you think of leaving N——?" asked Mrs. Tressylian.

"At no distant day—yes. A bachelor like myself has no local attachments; and travel, I fancy, would render me more cosmopolitan. Mr. Tressylian has been telling me of your recent tour. I should have enjoyed taking it with you."

His voice sounded so strange and unnatural, she was glad when some one called her to the piano. She had finished a new song from a popular opera, when she looked up and found Templeton leaning over her.

"Will you sing the little song, 'Roy's Wife,' for me? It has long been a favorite of mine."

How could he, when she had sung it so often to him in those evenings that ought to be forgotten now—the evenings of her happy girlhood!

She calmed her emotion in a moment and drew the music from her portfolio. When she finished, Earle Templeton was discussing some legal topic in a soft tone with a man who had come up and taken him by the button. He looked down at her with an abstracted smile, and continued the conversation while she played.

She listened to him with amazement, and observed that he began to be the nucleus of the circle. Men gathered about him, one by one, as though he were an oracle, while rich metaphors and apt classical quotations poured from his lips as if by magic.

He had defended a noted criminal a week before, and had gained his cause, through the single force of his resistless eloquence, against everyone's sober conviction of right. Men of note had marked out for him a brilliant career. Could this be the same boy-lover—Templeton was only twenty-seven—who had whispered honeyed nothings in Mrs. Tressylian's ear but a few months before? She could scarcely believe that the light hearted, joyous youth of those days was the grim Rhodomanthus of this; and yet it was the simple transition from the confiding, credulous lover, to the sneering, skeptical man of the world. For, rest assured, Florence Tressylian, Napoleon talked just that way once to Josephine, Cæsar to Calphurnia, Alexander to Roxana, and even Socrates to Xantippe. The language of love was not confounded at Babel.

Earle Templeton seemed to be under the very lash and spur of genius. He became by tacit consent the autocrat of the dinner-table; and old men dropped the knife and fork to listen to him. Never had his singular beauty appeared more striking. Richly, though not extravantly dressed, to-day, he seemed to have cultivated rather than disdained the ornaments of outward appearance, and yet his handsome dress coincided so entirely with the elegance of his person, that it appeared to be less the result of art than of a property innate and peculiar to himself. His broad, clear forehead had an expression of great mental power and determination. His features were of a lofty, yet delicate type, and his mouth, which when closed, assumed a firm and even severe expression, sometimes, though rarely, softened into a smile of almost magical enchantment.

Mrs. Tressylian had never seen him exerting himself amongst a body of talented men before. In other days she had known but the mingled liveliness and softness that pervaded his attentions to women. Now, however, the intellectual, yet unpedantic superiority of his conversation over the noted characters about her, at once attracted and fascinated her. But that which interested or perhaps pained her more than all, was the occasional cloud that passed over his countenance at times when he appeared lost in contemplation, or sunk into a revery, that had nothing in common with those around him for its object.

The massive silver service, and the grandeur of the repast, held Mr. Eglinston in some awe, but he found time to whisper to his daughter: "What a very remarkable man our young friend, Mr. Templeton, is making of himself. Don't you think so, my dear?"

And poor Florence had whispered "yes," under her breath, as though everything that interrupted her sense of hearing, were an annoyance.

The white-gloved waiters, seeing the pointed deference paid to this striking-looking young man, somehow managed to tender their services too, more frequently than to any other, but Templeton partook but sparingly of the sumptuous repast.

"Earle," said Mr. Tressylian at last, in high, good humor, "we do not wish to detain Mrs. Tressylian, and, as you never touch wines of any kind yourself, suppose you do me the favor to take her to the drawing-room; or stay, you can show her those lines in Hudibras, which I had wrongly asserted were from Pope. As I told you, Mrs. Tressylian assured me Butler was the author of the couplet, but she could not find them."

Templeton had risen from his seat, when a toast to host and hostess was proposed by Col. Clyde. He turned, and lifted a goblet of pure water.

"May your lives be as pure and unclouded as the beverage in which I pledge you," he said, simply.

"And yet flash with the intoxicating joy of this rare old champagne," said the gentlemen, and each of them drank a bumper.

Templeton gave Mrs. Tressylian his arm, and the powdered footman then opened the door.

"The book is in the library, I presume?" he said, passing down the hall, and opening another door. "I was surprised to find Mr. Tressylian so mistaken on yesterday. His mind is so thoroughly well arranged, that his statements are usually as infallible as any mathematical dogma. Perhaps you can show me the 'poet's corner'—it is some time since I was here. You read here a great deal with your husband, I imagine?"

"You forget that we have only been here two days," answered Florence, a little reproachfully.

"Ah! yes," he replied, taking up a volume of Butler's works from a table. "If I measured time by the changes it has wrought in me, I should be as old as Methuselah. I do forget that only a few months have passed over the heads of my friends. Here are the disputed lines, madam—

> "Or, like a mountebank, did wound,
> And stab herself with doubts profound,
> Only to show with how small pain
> The sores of Faith are cured again:
> Although by woful truth we find
> They always leave a scar behind."

"And must they always leave a scar?" said Florence, half averting her head.

"I think we should be satisfied if they do not continue to bleed," answered Templeton, coldly. "The stoic's mantle can hide the healed disfigurement."

"But," said Florence, earnestly, "could not a skilful surgeon remove every trace of the wound? Why need we then go through the world halt or blind?"

"Art is attaining so high a degree of success, that there are clever imitations of eye and limb," answered Templeton; "and when amputation has been necessary, we avail ourselves gladly of them; but do they ever answer the same purpose exactly? I fancy not. The old soldier, madam, is proud of his wounds; and why may not we who fight the rough battle of life, feel likewise? Every blow dealt us is a kind of annealing upon heart and brain, toughening us for the thrusts of Fate. My schooling has been a little rough, perhaps; but I fancy I shall make the better soldier."

"The reckless courage of the desperado, who fears neither God nor man, is but little to be admired," replied Mrs. Tressylian, sadly; while unbidden tears shadowed her soft eyes. "Mr. Tressylian has been telling me of your unnatural exertions. You look pale and haggard, Mr. Templeton. Will you not believe that your friends feel an interest—a deep, a lasting interest—in you still, and that your suffering will bring pain to them?"

"Your solicitude flatters me, madam," responded Earle, with the faintest sarcasm in his tone. "But I assure you it is unnecessary. My health was never more perfect. You judge of me, mind and heart, by your gentle self, and by Mr. Tressylian; but you are wrong. You are both in love, and have mutual anxieties that I am spared. Hence my greater capacity for labor."

"Oh, Earle, I pray you spare me!" she exclaimed, in a tone of utter wretchedness. "You must see that I suffer too."

"Suffer, Mrs. Tressylian," he repeated, in a tone of calm surprise. "I thought your health perfect. Shall I ring for aid?"

"Oh, what has come over you to work a change like this?" she cried. "There was a time, Earle, when you seemed all impulse and passion—there was a time when a wish of mine, however light, became your firm rule of action. Let it be so now. Promise me to cultivate more of the nature that you used to possess."

"Mrs. Tressylian is too exacting," he answered, coldly. "She should remember that she is a stranger to me—that we meet to-day for the first time."

"Then believe that Florence Eglinston speaks to you still," she said, passionately—"that Florence Eglinston prays for your happiness as she dares not do for her own. Oh, Earle, Earle Templeton! I have watched you narrowly to-day, and you seem to me not only changed and embittered, but another man. What is it, my friend? In the old days you remember how I used to love to hear you laugh, there was such fresh, joyous, ringing music in the sound; but scarcely the ghost of a smile comes to your lips now. If I could hear you laugh once more, Earle, I should still be happy, for I should hope to see the time when you would forgive me for the desolation my own mad act has brought upon us all."

"These are strange words for Mrs. Tressylian," he answered, with clear, cutting emphasis. "Madam, you are surrounded with every splendor that money could buy. You are robed in velvet and jewels that a queen might wear. What more would you?"

"To see you happy, Earle."

"It is too late for such tender concern, madam. Your love for your husband has expanded your heart, while mine has been narrowed by the cramping influences of solitude and friendlessness. Be contented with his and your own happiness."

"Hush!" she cried out, with the wail of a breaking heart. "You shall not taunt me so cruelly. You know the influences, apart from my own vain and silly nature, that were brought to bear upon me at home, to induce me to secure an exalted station at the sacrifice of my heart and yours. Oh, Earle, forgive me!"

"I have freely forgiven you, Mrs. Tressylian."

"You have not!" she exclaimed. "Few men have suffered in their lives as you have done. God knows I have tried to do my duty here, but I cannot. Your face will haunt me forever. Earle, Earle, I have awakened from my fatal dream, and I cannot endure it. Take me away from this gilded misery. Every hour of my life here is a mocking lie."

She had spoken wildly, heedlessly, herself utterly unconscious of the terrible construction that might be put upon her words. She remembered only her own wretchedness, and the white agony of the stern, unyielding face before her, as she crouched down there almost at his feet.

Strange as it may seem, we can say with truth, as the sequel of this story will show, that Florence Tressylian was pure and unselfish. Had Earle Templeton gone down on his knees to her there, and begged her to fly with him from her husband's roof, her ideal would have been at once destroyed, and she would have repulsed him with horror. It was the man, cold, unmoved and sneering, that had wrung mad words from her lips, which she would have given her life the next instant to recall.

Earle Templeton felt all this as he looked at her. But he had grown both pitiless and revengeful. The hour of his triumph had come. He folded his arms across his broad breast, and looked at her with frigid composure.

"You forgot that your husband is my best friend. His honor is safe in my keeping, if not in yours. Mrs. Tressylian can be nothing to me. When I wooed Florence Eglinston, I desired *a wife, and not a mistress.*"

She sprang up as though he had dealt her a cruel blow with his strong, steady hand. A crimson flush mantled her face and neck, and was as quickly succeeded by a death-like pallor. She flashed upon him a look of bitter reproach, and, staggering towards the door, fell fainting across the threshold.

Templeton lifted her insensible form to a sofa and hastily summoned Mr. Tressylian, who was just rising from dinner. He said that Mrs. Tressylian had been attacked by a sudden faintness. She was borne by her husband, who seemed to be in the greatest alarm, to her chamber. A physician, however, happening to be present, declared there was no cause for serious alarm, and in half an hour pronounced her sleeping quietly.

Earle Templeton returned to town on the eight o'clock train.

CHAPTER VIII.

MISSING.

Mrs. Tressylian had recovered her usual health; but her husband had not been to his office for several days. He seemed still anxious about her, and continued at Coldham throughout the week. Ralph Thornton had sent up to request an interview.

Mr. Tressylian had forgotten the circumstance, until returning one morning from the stables, whither he had been to look at a favorite horse that had been badly hurt, he encountered the young man at the gate.

"Ah, Ralph, my boy, how are you?"

"Well, I thank you, Mr. Tressylian. Can I see you for a few moments this morning, sir? I disliked to intrude, while—while you were anxious about Mrs. Tressylian, but I thought it best for you to hear what I have to say as soon as possible."

"Thank you, Thornton. Come in. So you, too, have taken a wife, Ralph?"

"Yes, sir," answered Ralph, cheerfully. "In our humble way we are all better and wiser for imitating your great example."

Mr. Tressylian was fond of timely flattery—who of us, after all, is not—and this compliment from the sprightly young man before him pleased him.

"A great responsibility for a young man," said Mr. Tressylian, with a grave but tender smile. "Yet if you do your duty, Ralph, I make no doubt but that you will be happier." Mr. Tressylian had led the way into his private sitting-room. "And now we can come to business if you will. Can I do anything for you, Ralph?"

"Thank you, sir, no," replied the young man, looking out at the window. "You have already been most obliging. I have some little unpleasant news, sir, for you, I am afraid."

"Ha! What is it?" Mr. Tressylian's proud face wore a look of acute pain.

"She has been here again, sir."

"My God! I have feared that;" he bit his lip until he winced with pain as he rose and paced the floor. "When?" he asked, abruptly.

"Three weeks ago, sir, while you were away," and Ralph Thornton told his employer of the money he had given the woman on the road, and the message she had left.

"I thought you would prefer my giving it to her, sir."

"You were right, Ralph, right," said Mr. Tressylian, in a husky tone. "The pitiful sum of money is nothing. She knows that. I will cheerfully arrange for her to have ten times the amount if she will only not come here. And, by heavens! I believe she has more reasons than she will confess to be afraid to come. What name now, did you say?"

"Mrs. North, sir."

"Ah! Ralph, can you go to London in person?"

"Yes, sir, if you wish it."

"I do wish it—I do beg it of you. You must see her at her address. Take a hundred pounds, and tell her to name any banking-house from which she prefers to draw. Money shall be placed at her disposal if she only will not come here. But tell her—mark me well, Ralph." Mr. Tressylian rose, went to the door, looked out, and turning the key came back to Ralph Thornton's side. "Tell her if ever she sets foot in Coldham again—let her excuse be what it will—I shall brave every consequence and have recourse to the law. Mark that."

"I will tell her, sir. And Mr Tressylian, she asked me if I had any idea of the nature of her claims upon you."

"And you told her—"

"No. As I have not, sir. It struck me, Mr. Tressylian, that she was afraid to tell."

"She is afraid."

"I am sure, sir, that the claims of so wretched a creature can have no foundation in any wrong-doing of yours. Why do you not empower me to threaten her in any event?"

"Because, Ralph, she has given me proofs of those claims, which no court of equity would set aside, unless I could disclose the nature of the fraud she has practised; and even then I should be forced to reveal the secrets of a past, which I am sworn to keep. But, in my soul, I believe her to have lied throughout."

Mr. Tressylian was laboring under some strong excitement.

"I am sure of it, too, sir. Whatever she may be, she asserts her claims with the fear of a person who is practicing a deception."

"Thank you," replied Mr. Tressylian, "you comfort me by saying that. You echo my own thoughts; and yet I must endure it, Ralph. God help the depravity of our hearts. I had hoped she was dead, or I could not have married the woman I did, without—but why talk of that now? When can you go, Ralph?"

"By the morning's train, sir, if you will," said Ralph, with a pang, thinking of being absent from Mary for three whole days.

"Well, in the morning be it then, the sooner the better," replied Mr. Tressylian, rising and opening his desk. "Here is the money for her, and for your journey. Tell her it is the last time I shall submit to the disgrace of sending an especial agent to her. And she will do well to select a banker."

"I will, sir. And Mr. Tressylian, you remember, I still have those papers you gave me for Mr. Templeton, in case anything should happen to you while you were away. Shall I bring them to you to-day?"

"Yes; or, stay; they are in the strong box still?"

"Yes, sir. They are all safe."

"Then, on reflection, Ralph, you need not hurry. You can keep them until after I see you again. Which will be—let me see, on Thursday, will it not?"

"Yes," answered Ralph. "This is Monday; I shall, if nothing happens, return on Thursday, unless you have other business for me in London."

"No other business, Ralph. And may God speed you in this. You understand your commission?"

"Thoroughly, sir. Good-day."

He went out hat in hand, and Mr. Tressylian watched him as he walked away, with the sunlight gleaming amid his dark, curling hair.

"A brave, generous, high toned youth," he muttered. "If my hand can keep him in the path he has chosen, he shall prosper. Good Heavens, that my life should have this great sorrow and shame entailed upon it, and I dare not tell even him!"

Tuesday and Wednesday passed eventlessly enough.

On Thursday two telegrams came to Coldham. One for Mr. Tressylian and one for Mrs. Mary Thornton.

This was Mr. Tressylian's:

"Person not been at the address, for a week past. Not to be found. What to be done."

Mr. Tressylian had telegraphed back:

"You can do nothing. Come home."

Mrs. Thornton's had been later.

"Will not be at home till Friday evening—7½ o'clock."

On Friday Mr. Tressylian went into the city and remained a few hours at his office.

On Saturday morning, December 10th, Ralph Thornton reported to Mr. Tressylian.

"Nothing whatever, Ralph?"

"Not one clue, sir. The people in the house had seen such a woman, but could not tell what had become of her. I left my address, sir, that she might send me a message in case of need. And now about those papers. Shall I bring them up to-day, sir?"

"No," said Mr. Tressylian. "You can return them on Monday. I hold a troublesome mortgage on old Mr. Godwyn's estate, which he begged me to call in two years ago. He has the money now, and has sent to entreat me to come to him in person to day to receive it; and as he is old and a cripple, I suppose I must oblige him."

"That is about two miles, sir, from here?"

"Yes. I shall have lunch, and as it is a beautiful walk, will go over on foot. I can return by five; but as Mrs. Tressylian will be waiting dinner, I shall not wish to be disturbed by another business interview, so you can come up on Monday, Ralph."

At one o'clock Mr. Tressylian took lunch with his wife, and started across the fields to old Mr. Godwyn's.

At half-past five dinner stood on the table, but Mr. Tressylian had not come.

At six Mrs. Tressylian looked anxiously out at the door in which she had stood by his side that morning when she beheld her father and Earle Templeton alighting from the train, along with their other guests.

Did anything whisper her, while she stood shivering with cold and fear, that she was destined never to look into her husband's face again in this world?

(To be continued in our next. Commenced in No. 16.)

CLAUDIA'S TRIUMPH.

BY CLEMENTINE MONTAGU,

AUTHOR OF "THE COST OF CONQUEST," ETC.

CHAPTER XXV.

A CHALLENGE.

Insulted honor is no plea,
No privilege, to kill;
Such is the law, so let it be,
Murder is murder still.

Mrs. Eversfield left her noble relative in high dudgeon, but with as dignified an air as she could possibly assume beneath his coldly ironical gaze, and thought no more of the telegrams which his lordship had offered for her inspection.

Had she read them, however, she would no longer have been in doubt as to the end of the journey which Lord Nortonshall had announced to her that Alma was about to take; but the good lady was too much incensed with his lordship's cavalier treatment of her, and her pride was so wounded by the accusation he had so groundlessly, in her imagination, made concerning her knowledge of Frank Vavasour's presence at Westerpark, that she mentally declared she would have nothing further to do with her niece's affairs.

"The ill-bred brute!" she murmured, as she sat shivering in her own room, where, not having been expected, no fire had been lit for her. "But I've done with them. But for Alma's sake I would not stop another instant in the house."

And so she remained there, nursing her wrath, while Lord Nortonshall dispatched his two telegrams. One was to Brown, who was still in his lordship's service as valet, and directed him to leave London for Westerpark by the earliest train he could catch after receiving the message, prepared to go north to Nortonshall.

The second was to the housekeeper at Nortonshall itself, Mrs. Jones, and told her that she was to have rooms prepared for her mistress, who would be at the house, alone, by the following evening, when a carriage was to be in readiness at the station to meet the nine o'clock train.

Having written these messages, Lord Nortonshall rang the bell and dispatched them to the station, enjoining the servant to await an answer to the London one, and at the same time inquired whether Mr. Vavasour was in the house.

"I will see, my lord," he replied, and left the room.

He had not been long away before Frank presented himself at the door, pale as to outward appearance, but otherwise self-possessed and calm in manner.

"You wish to see me, my lord," he said, quietly.

"I hardly expected you would find the courage to come," the peer replied, with a sneer.

"Probably not, my lord," was the cool rejoinder. "If you judge other men by yourself."

"By heaven!"

"Control yourself, I beg. You have no right to doubt my courage. I told you I should be here. I am, at least, a gentleman, and not in the habit of forfeiting my word."

"Enough that you are here. You are aware of what must follow the occurrence of this evening?"

"Undoubtedly. I must make up my mind either to kill you or be killed. The latter contingency is most probable, as I am but a poor shot; but before I consent to stand up for that purpose I must, for your wife's sake—"

"Stay, sir! We will keep her name out of the question altogether, if you please. I will answer for her not endangering her good name for the future, and also that she will have no chance of holding any more moonlight appointments for some time to come, you may rest assured of that."

"I cannot leave her name out of the question, Lord Nortonshall," the young man replied. "I must speak for her sake."

"For her sake!" repeated the peer, furiously. "By heaven, sir, you madden me! Come to the point if you will speak."

"I will not detain you long. You used the word 'appointment' with regard to our meeting. I disclaim it totally, both on Lady Nortonshall's account and my own. Our *rencontre* was purely accidental, as you would have seen had you been present."

"I was present, and I saw all. I saw my wife in your arms. I heard her tell you that she loved you still, and heard you, who now come here with your plausible tongue to deceive me—I heard you reply to her in the same turtle-dove billing and cooing strain. Explain that you cannot. And now, sir, without further parley, I demand of you that satisfaction which a gentleman is bound to give to the man he has dishonored."

Frank Vavasour was very pale now, and his fingers clenched convulsively in the effort to control his rising passion; but he answered calmly and firmly—

"I deny the ground of offence, my lord. I have not dishonored you, and will not acknowledge it by meeting you."

"What! You will not fight?"

"No."

"Coward!" hissed the peer, in an infuriated tone.

Still the young man preserved his self-command, though his face blanched to a deathlier paleness than before.

"Enough!" he said. "Be careful: do not tempt me further."

"Hound!" shrieked Lord Nortonshall, as, almost beside himself with passion, he struck Frank across the face with a light whip he picked from off the table. "Will nothing make a man of you?"

Frank had started forward at the blow with a cry of rage; but again, with a great effort, regained his composure, and answered in a low, suppressed tone—

"Thanks for the provocation, my lord. On the other ground I would not have met you. As it is, I am at your service when and where you please."

"To-morrow, then, after I have seen to the safety of your ladylove, my wife. That is, if you do not sneak off in the meantime."

"You need not fear, my lord," was the only reply Frank Vavasour deigned to make to the sneering taunt, though he had to bite his lips to prevent the passionate words which rose to them from finding utterance. "I shall be at the Raven till to-morrow night."

"You shall hear from me before then, I promise you. So, as our business is ended so far satisfactorily, allow me to——" and he pointed to the door.

Frank would not trust himself to speak further, and bowing ceremoniously, he left the room.

When he had departed, Lord Nortonshall strode up and down the apartment for some time in a tumult of rage and passion. He would pay no heed to the whispering voice of reason, which told him that he might better have waited and heard some explanation. Had he not seen and heard for himself, he asked, that which no words could explain?

"He had better pray to-morrow if he never prayed before," he muttered. "Unless my right hand has lost its cunning, he shall have short shrift after he has stood up to face me on the field. When he is disposed of it will be time to turn my attention to my lady."

Had Alma seen him as he walked to and fro in the room like one possessed, she would have been even more terrified than she was, as she sat cowering over the fire in her apartment, which had been so suddenly turned into a prison for her. There had been a hateful expression in her husband's eyes as he shut her in, which she could not banish from her mind, and she shuddered at the sound of every footstep on the stairs, dreading lest it should be followed by his reappearance. He had not been unmindful of her comfort. The room was well warmed and lit, and a tempting little supper had been brought up to her by his orders; but she could not eat, though she managed to swallow a glass of wine, feeling sure that she would have need of all her strength.

Even the effort of drinking almost choked her, however, and she laid the glass down again with a feeling of loathing, when she heard a voice at the door.

"Alma," it said, and she recognized her aunt's accents, low as they were, "are you awake?"

"Oh, go away, aunt," said the poor girl, "go away. If he returns and finds you there he will make a scene, insult you perhaps. Leave me to my fate. You cannot help me."

"But where is he going to take you?" asked Mrs. Eversfield.

"I cannot tell you, aunt; indeed I cannot. He would not say. Oh, do go away before he comes—perhaps he will kill me."

"I think he's brute enough to do that," said the lady, indignantly.

"Thank you," said a voice in sarcastic tones behind her, and turning round in alarm Mrs. Eversfield saw his lordship, who had come up unperceived by her while she was talking through the keyhole to her niece. "I must request that you will interfere no further in what does not concern you, madam," he continued. "Nothing you can say or do will alter my determination with respect to Lady Nortonshall, and any meddling from a third party will but enhance the disagreeables of her position; so, I should advise you to retire, particularly as this passage is very cold, and in your delicate state of health dangerous to you."

He spoke civilly, and Mrs. Eversfield restrained the answer which rose to her lips as he went on—

"I told you, I think, that Lady Nortonshall would leave this place to-night. I find that it will be impossible for her to do so before to-morrow, but she will go early in the morning. You will, therefore, perceive that it is necessary for her to have some rest, and as a woman of sense, as I presume you are, leave her to take it."

"Say no more, my lord!" she exclaimed. "I have not the least intention of interfering with your plans. You will, I suppose, allow me to see her before hurrying her away in so unseemly a manner?"

"I am sorry that my arrangements will not allow me to accede to your request, madam," he answered, coolly. "You are perfectly welcome to say good-bye to her in the hall, if it so pleases you; there will be time for nothing more. Good night."

She did not return his wish, but turned away in disdain, with a feeling of utter helplessness, and returned to her own room, from which she heard him unlock the door of Alma's apartment with a sensation of absolute terror, so dreadful did his mood appear to her.

Alma had overheard some portion of their conversation as she sat within, and she trembled with a vague fear as she heard her husband enter.

"You are still up, then?" he said, in a cold, icy tone. "I should advise you to take all the rest you can. Your journey is a long one, and will commence early."

"Where are you going to take me, Graham?" she asked, in faltering accents.

"I am going to take you nowhere," he replied. "You are going under a trusty escort, but I shall not accompany you. I may follow you soon, but I have a little affair of business to settle here first."

"Business!"

"Of course. Do you imagine that everything is to end here?—that I am going to allow that young popinjay to walk off unpunished? No, no, my lady; I have to reckon with your lover before I follow you."

"Great Heavens, Graham! What do you mean? You are not going to fight him?"

"Aye, but I am."

"Alas, no!" she implored. "Do not for my sake!"

"For *your* sake, woman! Have a care, or I may kill you where you stand."

"I care not," she answered recklessly. "Oh, Graham! you will not, cannot, do this thing, for my father's sake, if not for mine—for *his* sake who loved Frank Vavasour as a son!"

"If you had remembered that fact before you came down here on your absurd errand," her husband returned, "your Frank Vavasour would not have been under the necessity of facing my pistol, as he will to-morrow. I could hardly persuade him to pluck up spirit enough for it till I lashed him like the cur he is, and he paid you the compliment of declaring that his poltroonery was all on your account. But I think you have seen the last of him," he added, with an evil smile; "I don't generally miss my aim."

"Oh, my lord, are you a man, or a fiend in human shape," she said shudderingly, "that you can stand there and torture me like this?"

"What I am, Lady Nortonshall, you have to answer for having made me. Have you any further commands for me?"

She made no answer, but turned indignantly away.

"Then for the present," he continued, "I will leave you. But understand you leave this place the first thing to-morrow morning, so you had better prepare."

And with these parting words he locked the door upon her and retired, leaving her to rest as best she might.

When he had quitted the room, Alma attempted to call after him—to once more entreat him to forego his purpose; but voice, reason and feeling forsook her in her blank despair, and staggering to her

bed with a low moan, she fell, dressed as she was, and happily for a brief time unconscious.

CHAPTER XXVI.

A JOURNEY NORTH.

Alas! how easily things go wrong,
A word too much, or a frown too long,
And there follows a mist and a weeping rain,
And life is never the same again.
—Macdonald.

After leaving Alma with the terrible consciousness of misery which plunged her into a state of insensibility, Lord Nortonshall returned to his own room down-stairs, where he found the messenger whom he had sent to Beachfield.

The man touched his hat, and handed a telegram to his lordship. It was an answer from his valet, and contained only these few words:

"Shall leave town by the 2.50 train, due at Beachfield at 4 15."

"So far so well!" muttered the peer. "That will do, my man."

The servant departed, but Lord Nortonshall did not retire to rest, but sat up all the night writing and arranging letters. There was very little sleep for anybody at the inn on that night. Everybody seemed to be fully aware that something was wrong, and shrewd guesses were made as to the cause of his lordship's disquietude. Most of the household felt nothing but pity for the poor young wife, but waited with anxiety to see what the morning would bring forth. Nothing of consequence, however, transpired to reward their curiosity.

It was about five o'clock when Brown arrived, and he was shown straight to his master's room, when Lord Nortonshall explained to him in a few cold words that his wife was going to their country seat in Yorkshire, but said not a syllable concerning the cause, and Brown was too sensible to venture on questioning his master.

"I am unable to accompany Lady Nortonshall myself," explained the peer, "and it is not fit that she should travel alone. Therefore, I require you to escort her to Nortonshall."

"And Mrs. Eversfield, my lord?" inquired Brown, hesitatingly, for he had heard from some of the servants that that lady was in the house.

"Mrs. Eversfield is not going. I will give you your directions, and tell you all that is necessary for you to know," said his lordship, coldly.

He did so in as few words as possible, and Brown retired from his presence to get some breakfast and prepare for his journey. He managed to hear a great deal of the previous night's occurrences while engaged over his meal, and being quick, as he expressed it, at putting two and two together, contrived to arrive at a very shrewd guess as to the nature of his master's suspicions.

His orders were to attend Alma to Yorkshire with all respect and attention, but to keep a strict watch over her on the road, and see that she held no communication with anyone. On his arrival at Nortonshall, he was to see her safely delivered into the charge of Mrs. Jones, the housekeeper, to whom he was also the bearer of a sealed letter from his lordship, containing further instructions.

Brown had not much time to spare for his preparations, for a carriage was in readiness at the door of the inn to convey them to meet the seven o'clock train, and he got into the hall just in time to meet Alma, who was led down-stairs by her husband.

She was closely veiled, and did not speak to anybody, only bowing her adieu to those who greeted her in a calm, self-possessed manner, which sadly belied the real feeling of despair with which she viewed her enforced departure.

Her aunt was waiting in the hall, and stepping forward when she appeared, would have embraced her; but Lord Nortonshall prevented her, saying, in cold accents—

"Excuse me, Mrs. Eversfield—only good-bye, if you please. Lady Nortonshall is very weak and unwell. You will but unnerve her if you make a scene."

She drew back indignantly, and parted from her niece with nothing beyond a cool shake of the hand, and the next moment Alma was handed into the carriage by her husband, who closed the door upon her, and whispered a few words to Brown, who touched his hat respectfully, and mounted the box.

Raising his hat ceremoniously to Alma, Lord Nortonshall gave the word to the coachman, who drove rapidly away, while its fair occupant once more bade farewell to her old home in dread and anxiety and doubt of the dark future which lay before her.

It was a dreary journey for her. The sense of being watched was upon her the whole time. Shut into a compartment of the carriage by herself, not all the cushions, rugs, or books and papers which had been brought to her by the attentive Brown, could do away with the impression that she was virtually a prisoner under his keen eye.

Brown himself was very uncomfortable. He followed all his master's instructions to the letter, though he treated the poor, sad-faced woman under his charge with the utmost deference and respect, for he could not bring himself to believe that she had done anything wrong.

"Somebody's made a blunder somehow," he said to himself, as he watched the sad, hopeless expression of her face; "but she's not been to blame, I'll take my oath. I wish she was safe at Nortonshall. She looks for all the world as though she'd die on her way there."

He sat in the next compartment to her, having been ordered by his master to take a first-class ticket for that purpose, and at every station on the road he went to her door to see after her comfort, and several times tried to prevail on her to take some refreshment.

But Alma felt as though the least morsel would choke her, and always met his well-meant offers with the same quiet negative, uttered in the same dull, mechanical way, and he found it best to leave her to herself. Ere half the journey was finished, however, the solitude, coupled with the oppression of her own fears, completely overpowered the poor girl, and she began to feel as though she could not breathe, as though the sense of loneliness would suffocate and weigh her down, and opening the window of the carriage, she leaned out, stretching forth her hands, and drinking in the rushing air with gasping sobs.

It saved her from a fit of hysterics: but Brown, who was watching her from the next compartment, began to fear that her mind was upset by the agitation she suffered, and trembled with horror as he saw her body half out of the carriage window. Fortunately, they were close to a station where they would stop some little time, and he would insist on her taking a restorative.

But when the train drew up at the little platform, and he hurried to her, she was as calm and still as ever, though her features were slightly flushed with excitement, and there was a wild expression in her eyes which poor Brown did not like.

"Let me entreat you, my lady," he said, earnestly, "to take some refreshment. You will be quite worn out before we reach Nortonshall if you do not."

"Better so," she replied, with a fierce, unnatural fire in her eyes. "Better I were dead before we arrive there! I am going to my death—I know it."

The valet was really alarmed at her wildness of manner, and going to the refreshment-room, fetched her a glass of sherry.

"Do take this, my lady," he urged, respectfully. "My master would be very angry with me if you suffered from this hasty journey. Let me beg of you to take it."

"I don't believe that my lord would be anything but glad to hear of my being crushed in some catastrophe," she replied, bitterly. "But I don't wish to bring any blame upon you. Give me the glass."

She took it and drained its contents to the very dregs, and then he spoke again.

"Perhaps you feel the solitude too trying, my lady? If you would not think me too presuming, you might feel better if I came into your carriage."

"Was it your master's order that I should be alone except for your company?"

"Yes, my lady," he replied.

"Oh, it was well done of him—well and nobly done. I shall remember it. Yes, Brown, you are right—the being alone is trying to my nerves. I have had so much agitation of late that they are not over strong. So come in if you like, and then you can make sure that I do not jump out of the window, or do myself any other mischief—at least, while your charge of me lasts."

Brown heartily wished himself at the end of their journey, for he began to be alarmed at her fierce manner and wild words, but he only touched his hat without answering, and entered the carriage. He took up a paper, and tried to read, but he could not help watching her as she sat opposite to him, so statue like and silent, her hands clasped in her lap, and gazing out of the window at the landscape, which they were hurrying by at express speed.

For some time they sat without speaking; but at length Alma addressed her companion sharply and suddenly.

"You are taking me to Nortonshall?"

"Yes, my lady."

"Am I to be murdered there?"

"Oh, my lady!" he exclaimed, in a shocked tone.

"I think that is what he means," she went on, calmly and apathetically. "Your noble master is quite capable of it. But I forget myself. You are an honest man, I suppose."

"I hope so, my lady."

"Ah, it's not likely he would make you his confidant."

"Lord Nortonshall has told me nothing, my lady, except—"

"Except what?"

"That I was to see to everything necessary for your comfort on the road, and desire Mrs. Jones to do the same for you at the Hall."

"And was that all he told you?"

"Everything, my lady."

"Then you have no secret instructions for anybody?"

"No."

"Nor any orders respecting my further imprisonment?"

"None, my lady—nothing except a letter to Mrs. Jones, containing, so my lord told me, the same instructions which he gave me—to do everything for your comfort."

"Ah," she exclaimed, bitterly, "but I have no doubt that Mrs. Jones has received a postscript, with private directions. I am going to my grave, Brown—I feel it. You will never see me again when once the door of that dreary place has closed upon me."

The valet made no reply to her wanderings—for he could only look upon them as such—but he fervently prayed that her mind might not become more unsettled before their journey was concluded, and she grew gradually calmer, finally dropping off into a deep sleep.

When she awoke it was growing dark, and she could see her companion's face, looking sad and anxious in the flickering light of the lamp which hung above their heads.

"Your charge will soon be over," she said, with a faint smile. "I'm sure you've been very kind and attentive, Brown."

"Oh, don't mention that, my lady," he answered, with a troubled look; "but—"

"But what? Why do you look so worried?"

"I was thinking of his lordship, my lady that was all."

"What of him?"

"Nothing particular," he answered, but in a hesitating sort of way.

"Yes, but there is, Brown. What do you mean? I will know!"

She spoke in a determined manner, and Brown replied—

"I was wondering, my lady, whether he was safe—whether—"

And again he hesitated, not being sure as to whether she knew anything of the intended meeting.

"Ah, I see what you fear," she said· "but you may set your mind at rest on that point. There has been no duel."

"But my lord told me—"

"Possibly he may; but, I repeat that there has been, will be, no duel. I daresay you will think I am crazy, or imagine myself gifted with second sight, but it is neither one nor the other. I know beyond a doubt that from any harm at Mr. Vavasour's hands, your master is perfectly safe, and one or other of them free from the stain of blood-guiltiness."

She spoke calmly and confidently, and Brown said nothing in reply; but the true state of the case flashed at once into his mind—his mistress had taken some means to prevent the meeting. And he was right in his conjecture.

We must now return to the inn at Westerpark, where Lord Nortonshall was raving in impotent fury over the intelligence that had just been brought to him of Frank Vavasour's departure from the village.

"I'll not believe it," his lordship exclaimed, when he first heard the news. "Are you sure that it is true?"

"Quite sure, my lord."

"If it be so," muttered the peer, with an evil scowl, "my revenge will be even greater than if I had shot him—his name will be in everybody's mouth, coupled with that of coward. Are you quite positive?" he continued, aloud. "When did he go?"

"At a quarter past eight, my lord—so the people of the house say. There was a letter brought to him almost at daybreak this morning, and he prepared to start almost directly after he received it."

"Where did it come from?"

"From somewhere in the village, my lord—that's the strangest part of it. It was left by a boy, who said there was no answer required, and went away directly."

"Curse him!" hissed the infuriated peer. "Cowardly scoundrel! But I'll be revenged on him tenfold for this. He shall be posted in every public place as the mean hound who was brave enough to steal a woman's honor, and too cowardly to fight for it."

"Before he went, my lord, he wrote a letter which he left for you."

"A letter! For me!"

"Yes, here it is. No doubt it contains some explanation of his strange conduct. He must have had some powerful reason."

"Ha, ha! Doubtless he had. Her wishes, I suppose. Brave hero, to shelter his coward carcass behind a woman's petticoats. But let me see his reasons."

He took the note, and tore it open with a trembling hand, but there was no clue in it to what he wished to discover—namely, whether it was through Alma's intervention that he was thus balked.

The letter was very short, but to the purpose.

"Friday.

"My Lord—I cannot fight you. In those few words lies all that this letter can say. I am fully aware of the obloquy which such a determination will bring upon me, but I am prepared to brave all that the world can do or say. My motive, which I cannot reveal to you, is too sacred to be put aside on any provocation; but were I guilty of the crime your lordship lays to my charge, I would waive it, and meet you. As it is, do what you will—post me as a coward, make my life a burden to me with persecution and railings, I shall still have the consciousness of an honest purpose, and the knowledge of my innocence, to sustain me in my course. More it would be useless for me to say, as nothing would be likely to convince you. To avoid further parley on this question, or the necessity of explanations which I cannot give, I leave this place immediately.

"Your lordship's obedient servant,
"Francis Vavasour."

Lord Nortonshall clutched the letter in his hand when he had finished it, and swore an oath too horrible to repeat, that he would have vengeance yet.

"It is her doing—curse her!" he exclaimed, between his set teeth. "Her heart shall bleed for it!"

CHAPTER XXVII.

GOING HOME.

"They tell me I am happy, and I try to think 'tis true.
They say I have no cause to weep, my sorrows are so few—
That in the wilderness we tread mine is a favored lot,
My petty griefs are fantasies would I but heed them not."
—Mrs. Hitle.

Lord Nortonshall was correct in his surmise when in his blind rage he accused Alma of being the cause of Frank Vavasour's refusal to meet him in single combat, though it was beyond his comprehension how she could have communicated with any one, so strict had been the watch his lordship had kept from the time he had locked his wife in her apartment until the moment in which he had seen her drive off to the station under the escort of his trusty valet.

And yet it had come about in the most simple manner. When Alma recovered from the swoon into which she had fallen after her husband's departure, and woke to the consciousness that she was a prisoner, her first thought had been that of a caged bird—to beat her wings against the bars of her cage in the hope of finding some means of escape—to be able to see Frank, and persuade him to leave Westerpark. All was still and silent in the house, she could hear no one stirring in the corridor, and tried the door, but it was fast. There was another, which evidently led to an adjoining room, but that too, was locked on the opposite side. Then she tried the window; it was unfastened, and she raised the sash as noiselessly as she could, and found that it overlooked a trimly-kept garden.

The moonlight was flooding everything below with a silvery radiance, and she looked up to the pale orb of night, beneath whose beams she had in the early part of the evening met Frank, and then gazed downward with a vague hope of being able to escape that way, but the height was too great, and she turned sick with terror as she saw a dark form come out from under the shadow of the building, and stand beneath the window.

"Ah!" she exclaimed, retreating from the window in dismay, "there is no hope—none."

For she imagined at the moment it was her husband, and trembled to think that she might be subjected to fresh indignities at his hands if he should suspect her of wishing to regain her freedom; but another moment and she saw that her fears were groundless, as the person, whoever it might be, was a female, and with the discovery then flashed into Alma's mind the thought that here was a means of communicating with Frank. The thought of his peril was pressing on her mind with terrible weight, and she tried to think how she might warn him—beg him, if need be, to leave the place; and she leaned forward and called the woman.

But as she did so she drew back again in affright, for the idea flashed across her mind that it might be a spy who was placed there to watch her.

"No matter," she exclaimed, in desperation, "I will trust her," and she called again.

A low voice answered her.

"Yes, my lady."

With a sigh of relief Alma recognized the accents of the girl who had accompanied her to the lodge that evening, and with a lightened heart, for she felt the girl was honest, she beckoned her close under the window, and spoke to her.

"Can I trust you to take a message for me?" she asked.

"Oh, yes, my lady; anything I can do for you I will and welcome—I am so sorry."

The girl spoke almost in a whisper, but in tones so full of respectful sympathy that the captive felt she might confide in her, and felt almost ashamed of her next question.

"You are not here to play the spy upon me, then?"

"Oh, no, my lady; indeed I am not."

"I am sure you would not betray me, but I feel as though the very walls have ears and eyes. Will you do me a service—a very great service?"

"Surely, miss—my lady, I should say. But I can't come up-stairs to you. His lordship gave strict orders—"

"Yes, yes!" interposed Alma, "but I do not want any one to know. I only wish you to take a letter for me to the other inn for Mr. Vavasour, the gentleman who is staying there."

The girl did not answer at once, and Alma went on bitterly—

"Ah! I see that you will not help me."

"Indeed, my lady, I would; but—"

"Oh, you need not fear. There will be nothing in it that I should not write, but I wish to avert a terrible misfortune—bloodshed, perhaps."

"I know, my lady. Everybody's talking about it."

"Well, I want the gentleman to go away. You will keep my counsel, will you not? You will not betray me?"

"Indeed, I won't, my lady," said the girl, earnestly. "I can't go myself, but I can get your letter taken?"

"Who by?"

"My brother; he will be here soon, and I know that he will do it."

"Secretly?"

"Yes; and safely as I should myself—more so, as they know me, and know where I come from, but he's a stranger in the village."

"I will write then," said Alma. "There can be nothing worse befall me than has already happened. I shall be easier if I know that he is safe, and far away from this place. It would only be murder to let him stay."

And closing the window she sat down to scribble a hasty little note, listening all the while with strained ears lest her husband's footstep upon the stairs should interrupt her at her work; but all within the house was still, no one was stirring, and the note was quickly finished.

It was imprudent of her, doubtless, although a very natural act under the circumstances. But had she foreseen the terrible influence those few lines would exercise over her future fate, that it might one day form the connecting link in the chain of evidence her husband was so ruthlessly forging against her, even then she would hardly have hesitated, as, with flushed face and trembling fingers, she penned her piteous little epistle to Frank Vavasour.

There was not much in it; she had no time for many words, but those she used came straight from her heart of hearts, and would find utterance. She implored her lover—for in this supreme moment of her misery and despair she disdained the paltry subterfuge of putting her affection toward him in the light of friendship. She begged him, for her sake, to forego this meeting, of which, if he fell, she would have the agony of feeling she was the unhappy cause. Never hoping to meet him again, she adjured him by the memory of his early—of his still abiding—love to bear all contumely that might be heaped upon him rather than risk his life or have the stain of blood upon his hand.

"You will meet with your reward hereafter," she wrote in conclusion, "but we must never meet again. Our farewell must be forever, dearest; you must think of me from this hour as dead, for I shall be so to you. Perhaps a time will come even in this life when things will be made clear, but I do not hope it. Fly from this temptation, Frank, is the last prayer of your ever devoted and unhappy Alma."

Her hands shook so as she directed this letter that the address was scarcely legible, but she folded and secured it, then, taking some money from her purse, returned to the window, and opening it, called to the girl below.

"Are you still there?" she asked, in a low whisper.

"Yes, my lady."

"Then take this letter. You are sure that it will be taken safely?"

"Oh! my lady, as safely as I could take it myself."

"Stand beneath the window, then."

The girl did as she was directed, and holding out her apron, the note fell into it, followed by a sovereign.

"Take that for yourself," said Alma. "I wish it were more, but I have no money besides; my aunt has all we brought with us, and this has been so sudden."

"I am sure, my lady," the girl returned, "I required no payment from you—indeed I did not."

"Never mind; buy something in remembrance of me with it—and Heaven bless you for your kindness to a poor, forlorn, heartbroken woman. Go now as quickly as you can."

"Good-bye!" said the girl, sorrowfully, turning away and hurrying into the house as Alma shut the window and drew down the blind.

She was barely in time to escape discovery, for she had only just resumed her seat by the fire when Lord Nortonshall again made his appearance in her room. He detected no apparent change in her manner, and what she had done escaped observation, for the time at least. And it was well for her. Had he suspected then the means she had used to balk his revenge, his temper was in that excited state that he might have slain her in his mad rage, but she was far away and safely out of his reach for awhile when he discovered it.

In the meantime Alma's letter had been safely delivered. The lad who took it for his sister belonged to a village some distance from Beachfield, and was not known in that place, which he was leaving for home the same morning, having walked over the day before to see his sister, who was in service.

Frank Vavasour was roused by the intelligence that some one required to speak with him. It was not yet daybreak, but he accounted for the strangeness of the hour by supposing that it was a friend of Lord Nortonshall's bearing a formal challenge for him, and he hastened to dress, wondering the while who he could refer to as his friend. With this thought in his mind he hurried down stairs, and found to his surprise that it was a boy.

Taking the letter, he read it through, and then ensued a bitterer struggle in his mind than all which had gone before. To be jeered at, branded as a coward—cut by all his friends! Oh, it was almost too much to ask. But better thoughts succeeded, and with a heavy sigh Frank Vavasour held to the nobler, more heroic course than going forth to slay or be slain, and resolved to do the bidding of the woman he loved, even though she were lost forever. It was a sharp struggle, but a brief one, in his mind, and he turned to the lad.

"Shall you see the lady again who sent this letter?" he asked.

"I don't think I shall, sir. I heered as she was a going away the first thing this morning; and besides—"

"What?"

"They've locked her up, sir, and won't let any one into her room."

"How did you get this?"

"From my sister. The lady spoke to her through the window."

"Coward!" muttered Frank, "to revenge himself upon a defenceless woman. But she is right." Then turning to the boy—"Well, my lad," he said, "if you can get to speak with the lady, or send a message through your sister—"

"Yes, sir, I can do that."

"Then say the only answer to the letter is, 'Yes, the gentleman will do as he is bid.'"

And such was the message that cheered Alma in her lonely journey, for she knew Frank Vavasour too well to fear his breaking a promise. She did not hear it until the last moment, however, for Lord Nortonshall was in close attendance on her all the morning, and it was not until she was in the hall that Mary, under the pretence of helping her with her wraps, managed to whisper into her ear that the letter had been received, and the gentleman had gone.

And so Alma started on her journey. How she fared we have already seen, and Brown was very much relieved when they arrived at the station where they alighted for Nortonshall, for his mistress was in the latter part of the journey so utterly exhausted with the fatigue and agitation that he was seriously alarmed about her. At York she had become so seriously ill that it seemed they would not be able to go on, and she had been lifted from the carriage in a swoon, which seemed more like death than insensibility, and carried into the waiting-room.

Fortunately, there was a medical man in the train, who administered a restorative, on which she partly recovered, and insisted on going on. The doctor insisted that her life would be endangered by doing so, and Brown added his entreaties that she would not try her strength any further, pressing her to stay where she was; but Alma was inflexible.

"No; no more stoppages," she said. "I may as well die on the road, if it is to kill me, as anywhere else. I will not be the cause of your having carelessness or disobedience imputed to you, Brown. You have been very kind and considerate, but you must fulfil your master's orders, you know. You are accountable for your prisoner until you have lodged her safely in gaol, remember that."

"Is she mad?" asked the doctor, in low tones.

He was completely mystified by her words and manner.

"No, sir," replied Brown.

He spoke in a tone which forbade further questioning, and the doctor asked no more.

So they pursued their journey to the end, and at the station, found a carriage waiting to convey them to the Hall, in obedience to the orders Lord Nortonshall had sent. The servants in attendance were very much astonished at seeing their mistress travelling in such a state of illness as she seemed to be; but the valet's face looked as though he would brook no idle, curious questions, and they were obliged to wait their opportunity for an explanation.

One of them ventured to ask Brown whether her ladyship was ill, and he answered—

"Yes—very ill—drive sharp!"

And she was placed in the carriage only half conscious of what was passing. The windows were drawn up, and they rattled off at as fast a pace as the darkness would permit—for night had closed in by this time.

The footman, who was on the box with the driver, was not disposed to lose the opportunity for a little gossip, and commented upon the strange appearance of their lady as they drove along the smooth road which led to the castle.

"This is a queer start," he remarked in a low tone. "What can be the matter, I wonder?"

"Don't know, and don't want to, it's none of our business," was the surly response.

"Well, but you know that there must be something wrong. She looks just as if she was dying, doesn't she?"

"There's been a kick up, and my lord's sent her down here out of the road, that's my belief," said the coachman, oracularly.

"Ah! I dare say. But we shall see how Mrs. Jones receives her. That will tell tales."

But nothing was to be gathered from that lady's manner when she met her mistress at the door of the Hall. Certainly she was observed to hold a short conversation with Brown, but it was in so low an undertone that the purport of it could not be heard. So the staff of servants had to restrain their curiosity as best they might, and Alma was conducted to her own apartments by the housekeeper, where, wearied with long travel and anxiety, and fairly worn out, she sank into a long, dreamless slumber.

(To be continued in our next. Commenced in No. 9.)

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

Bed-Time Stories. By Louise Chandler Moulton. With Illustrations by Addie Ledyard. Boston, Roberts Brothers. Also for sale by Claxton, Remsen & Haffelfinger, Philada.

A book of stories by Louise Chandler Moulton! No need to say that they are unsurpassed in their own line of fascinating fiction,—bright with poetry and sweet with feeling. These are for children, but anything really good for children is just as entertaining to mothers and fathers and aunties, and all who have sympathies with the little ones. We are not sure about telling them at bed-time, unless it is good to have a hearty cry before retiring, for pathos, deep and irresistible, runs through most of them; many are solemn with the shadow of death—only one with its great, unbearable sadness, "A Child's Tragedy." Such things must be written for the lesson they impress. Of course it is pleasanter where there is some light on this side the dark river. It is good for us, pilgrims and strangers in the world, to be led to the fearful brink of some abyss of sorrow, one shuddering glimpse of which so breaks up the heart that it finds Heaven on earth in the common, every-day mercies of God! "How the girls got rid of Freddie," and "Paying off Jane," and "Coals of Fire," and "Benjie," and "What Birdie did," are such glimpses. "Sir Harry," and "Just a little bit of Christmas," and "A Child's Good Work," and "Jane Leech's Angel," and "Maud Granger's New Dress," are pleasant stories. "The Light in the Window," is very touching—too deep for tears.

The rarest of luxuries, in the way of designing for stories or poems, are illustrations that really illustrate the reading. So many costly holiday books are utter failures in this respect, that an absolute success like that achieved in the "Bed-Time Stories," is a thing to rejoice over. There are not many artists who do succeed perfectly in this line, so that we scarcely needed to look at the title-page, or the monogram "A. L." in the corner, to be sure of Addie Ledyard's work. Such children, and especially such babies, come from no other hand. That sweet "Little Mother," bending over the baby head that snugs up close to her breast; and "Jess Cortrell," shading her eyes with her hand as she looks toward Boston, and whispers hope to her little blind brother; and the darling "Freddy" that the girls got rid of; and Jessie Apthorp, dispensing Christmas joy with a smile worth more, though she little thinks it; then the Paris doll, and the comic earnest of "Birdie," helping pack mamma's trunk, and pretty Margaret Ashurst holding up her necklace—all are just what the stories mean them to be, enriching instead of marring the beauty of the book.

☞ Any man can be cheerful when in the midst of prosperity, brave when there is no danger, and trustful when there is no cause for suspicion. True manhood is not fully tested until confronted by adversity, brought face to face with peril, and assailed by doubts as to the existence of human virtue and good faith.

ITEMS OF INTEREST.

☞ It is estimated that the wardrobe of a fashionable New York poodle costs $16.

☞ An Illinois county clerk refused to issue a marriage license because the man was only four feet high, while the woman was six.

☞ A missing child in Dallas, Texas, was found in a stable playing with the feet of a good-natured horse.

☞ President MacMahon, it is said, recently received a present of three pure Arab horses from the famous chief, Abd-el-Kader.

☞ "What is your name, little girl?" "Minnie." "Minnie what?" "Minnie Don't; that's what mamma calls me."

☞ A gold cross presented to Lulu Wilkinson as a testimonial of her devotion to the yellow fever sufferers in Memphis, was stolen from her on the eve of her departure from the city.

☞ Some one suggests, with most excellent good sense, that the immense doorplates worn by the ladies on their belts, might be utilized by engraving thereon the wearer's name, age, residence, fortune, or expectations, and stating whether heart-free or engaged.

☞ A western paper, in describing an accident, recently, says, with considerable candor, "Dr. Crawford was called, and, under his prompt and skilful treatment the young man died on Wednesday night."

☞ A woman at Kernville, Pa., is said to have got an egg into a demijohn by softening the shell with vinegar, and then to have hatched the chicken, which she is rearing to maturity in that queer coop.

☞ A trapper is still living in Montana who was riddled with ten bullets by the Indians last summer and left to starve for twelve days.

☞ Pining, sickly women should go to Colorado if they want health and strength. Mrs. Prather was not able to sweep her own room when she lived in Ohio, but the other day, after living in Colorado one short year, she chased her husband half a mile with a pitchfork.

☞ A terrible mortality recently attacked the family of Mr. Henry Keiser, residing about a half a mile from Evansburg, Pa. Four of his children, ranging from the ages of five to eleven, died of diphtheria within nine days.

☞ A man in Emporia, Kansas, was lately bitten by a tarantula at noon, and died in great agony before 6 o'clock.

☞ The St. Paul firemen lately washed out a nest of gamblers by turning the hose on their den.

☞ Humboldt County, Iowa, claims to have added thirteen pairs of twins to the population in as many years.

☞ At various points on the river Thames, between Woolwich and Erith, there are visible at low water the remains of a submerged forest, over which the river now flows. This fact has led geologists to conclude that the present outlet of the Thames to the North Sea is of quite recent origin.

☞ Golden Weddings.—The editor of the Christian Register thinks that if some of our restless "reformers" could attend a few golden weddings, they might obtain a new and wholesome revelation of the beauty and dignity of permanent marriage. Such scenes are among the best antidotes to "free love" and easy divorce.

☞ The Shaker Society of South Union, Ky., has offered to adopt and educate fifty of the children orphaned by the recent pestilence in Memphis.

☞ A Frenchman from Alsace, stabbed his daughter fatally, immediately upon their landing from a steamship at New Orleans, because she had disgraced her family by an intimacy with a young Frenchman on the passage. He had promised the captain not to molest his daughter while on board ship, and kept his promise by killing her immediately upon landing.

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THE
SATURDAY EVENING POST.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, NOV. 22, 1873.

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LETTERS FROM ZIG.

"SEEING LITTLE ARTHUR WASHED."

In George Eliot's inimitable story of "Middlemarch," Celia, the model of common place and common sense, remonstrates warmly with her Sister Dorothea, for wanting to leave her relatives and go out in the world alone. Celia is Dorothea's matronly sister, and has a little baby-son, Arthur, the only heir of a noble house. Why did Dodo want to go way, said Celia, away from her friends, where she couldn't do as she liked any more, and where she couldn't see little Arthur washed. That last is one of the most exquisite touches of thought ever put into language. To the silly, tender mother-heart of Madame Celia, seeing little Arthur washed was the highest human privilege. And besides, the world couldn't be so wrong, argued Celia, further. "It seemed clear that where there was a baby, things must be right enough."

Of all the innumerable wise and bright sayings of George Eliot, the wisest and brightest are her sayings about little children. I don't know whether this gifted woman has any children of her own or not, but she ought to have. She is a philosopher with a mother-heart, and her philosophy is all the wiser and purer, all the truer to nature, because of the sweet mother-heart which inspires it. And she is right about seeing little Arthur washed. She is always right. But she was particularly right when she makes Celia ask Dodo complainingly, how she could bear to go away where she couldn't see little Arthur washed. For, to a civilized, *human* human being, there isn't a sweeter, pleasanter, brighter sight on earth, than the sight of a baby taking its bath.

A grim, fusty, musty, smoke-dried old bachelor will turn up his nose at that, and contemptuously remark—Fudge! Very well, old dried Cornstalk—turn up your nose, if you like, and turn over your paper, and read a slangy lot of bosh about fast horses and dirty game-dogs. We don't care. There are some subjects concerning which an old bachelor is not competent to sit on a jury. So turn up your nose, Old Soured Pickle! and pet your loud-smelling game dogs. Old Miss Prim will turn up her nose at us too, though she isn't as apt to as old Mr. Soured Pickle, the old bachelor. In nineteen cases out of twenty, Miss Prim wouldn't be an old maid if she could help herself, while old Soured Pickle is apt to be an old bachelor from choice. But the Miss Prim who is the counterpart—I came near writing it *counterfeit* before I noticed—the Miss Prim who is the counterpart of old Soured Pickle, dislikes children, and can't abide babies—at the same time that she feeds her cat in a china saucer from the dinner-table, and lets it sleep on the pillows of her bed. We say we don't care for her verdict either, and we wish her joy of her sneaky, scratchy cats. Old Soured Pickle is only the half of a man anyhow, and she's another.

Old Pinchengrab turns up his nose at a baby, too, old Pinchengrab who rolls in greenbacks and builds himself a huge, barn-like marble palace to live in, when he hasn't a chick or child in the world to make his marble palace warm and bright for him. Old Pinchengrab, who grinds his clerks and workmen down to the lowest last cent of wages, who turns widows out of doors in the winter when they can't pay their rent at quarter-day, and who, instead of a heart, carries a petrified cash-box in his bosom. He wouldn't give a crooked pin to see little Arthur washed. Not Pinchengrab! He thinks a baby is the only absolutely useless article in the universe, the only earthly object you can't buy, sell, or make work. A baby can't be converted into money in any shape or form, therefore there is no call for a baby on earth. Go to grass, old Pinchengrab! We don't care for you, either. Your opinion is as worthless as an old worn-out hoop-skirt, and that is the most worthless thing on earth.

But all the good and great people in the world have liked babies and children. Longfellow's children played in his study as often as in their nursery, even when he was busiest. Dickens and Mrs. Browning loved little children passionately. All the great people did—all but the blood-thirsty Nap Bonaparte. Some of the most clear and far-seeing of his people petitioned him earnestly to provide for the education of the French children. He answered with a sneer of lofty scorn:

"I have something else to attend to than children's A B C."

Old Nap didn't like children, and he died a lonely, broken-hearted, disappointed man, without one friend beside him, and with hardly any friends anywhere else. If he had cared more for the children's A B C and little matters like that, the name of his empire might not have been "writ in water," perhaps.

But all the good people love children. And many a scaly sinner has been reformed by a little child. Many a time a gay young fellow has turned about and mended his ways; and from spending his evenings at a club-room with other gay young fellows, has taken to spending them at home, sitting by the fire and singing Days of Absence to a little bundle of flannel. I say it has been done many a time through the magical guidance of the tiny fingers of a little child.

Did you ever "see little Arthur washed?" If you will observe the operation once for yourself, I assure you that you will not find it to be such a supremely, unsurpassably silly circumstance as you may think for. At least I know people that have as much sense as you have, who think it is real fun. "A babe in a house is a well-spring of pleasure," which is the only good thing that stupid old Tupper ever said. Baby in his pink-lined bath-tub is a perfect little circus, pretty as a naked cherub sitting upon a sea-shell. Each cunning little trick and way of baby has in turn been duly bulletined to all the family. First he held up his head. That was a day of family rejoicing. Then by and by he began to "notice." Who can picture the joy of his relations when a baby begins to "notice?" There is nothing like it, I assure you. Then baby played with a clothes-pin, and the fact was written down and sent in a letter to his grandmother. But baby in his bath is the crowning glory of all.

First, nurse brings in the little pink-lined bath-tub half-full of bright, warm water. Then she brings the Brown Windsor soap in its dainty dish, and baby's clean, soft little garments.

A dirty baby is an unpardonable sin in the eyes of gods and men.

Next nurse begins to undress baby, and baby looks up at her with his bright little eyes, and smiles in her face, and coos softly to speak his satisfaction. Baby enjoys being naked immensely, and it's a thousand pities babies have to be tortured by learning to wear clothes. Nurse lifts baby gently in her strong, careful hands and plumps him into the warm, bright water. Does he scream, struggle, howl, turn black in the face? Not he. Baby likes it. He smiles in his babyish delight, and splashes in the water with his dumpy, dimpled legs and pink little toes. How pretty the little fellow is, and what a pity the delicate baby hands must grow angular and knotty, the pearly, velvety skin harsh, tawny and leathery! It's such a pity people can't always be as pretty as they are when they are babies. Meantime papa drops in and watches baby splashing and playing in the bright water. Baby dashes his hands into it, and crows with delight. Mamma follows papa in and stoops and kisses the dimpled pink shoulders. Baby beats a tattoo upon the bottom of the bath-tub with his jolly round heels, and laughs and splashes tremendously. Mamma calls aunty to see the sport, and notice how much brighter and sprier baby has grown since yesterday morning. Aunty kisses baby on the neck, and even papa bends down from his dignity a little sheepfacedly and kisses the little fellow too. He can't help it, you see. Big brother in the next room hears the noise and comes in. He makes a great pow-wow of sneering at the rest and laughing them to scorn for making so much fuss over a silly, insignificant baby, and all the while he is watching the baby with all his eyes himself, and secretly tickling himself over the little antics as much as anybody, and, oh dear me, what idiots folks are! There the father, mother, aunty and big brother, a whole family of wise, sensible, grown-up people, stand like a pack of fools and watch the didoes of a poor little unconscious baby in his bath-tub.

It can only be a fiend-heart that would abuse, or neglect or abandon a helpless little child. ZIG.

☞ THE LANGUAGE OF RINGS.—Whilst the coquettish dames of Spain in times gone by, carried on innumerable correspondences and love affairs by the aid of their fans, without uttering a single word, their French sisters used rings as signs and symbols of a similar character. A pearl and garnet ring signified that its wearer was unhappy, a thin circlet of fine turquoises intimated the fair one's inability to return her lover's sentiments, while a thick plain gold ring in the shape of a knot expressed her willingness to share his fortunes. One in the shape of a gold serpent, with a brilliant in his head, indicated the lady's doubts of her gallant's sincerity; while her faith and her wish to confide in him always were shown by a ring formed by two clasped hands.

AN AUTUMN MEMORY.

BY F. P. A.

'Twas long ago in the gloaming
Of an Autumn day gone by,
When we went out a-nutting,
My lost, lost love and I.

I see her as she stood there,
While I held down the bough;
Ah, eyes, what would'st thou barter
To gaze upon her now!

That bright young form so stately,
That face so sweet and fair,
Crowned with a golden glory
Of clustering auburn hair.

The music of her laughter
Sounds yet upon mine ear;
Her voice still haunts my dreamland—
So far and yet so near.

And now, when leaves are falling,
When sinks the sky-king red,
I think upon the glory
Around my darling shed.

I think, till thought is sorrow,
Of happy days gone by—
When we went out a-nutting,
My lost, lost love and I.

Biographical Sketches.

CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS.

BY MAURICE F. EGAN.

If we take a map of the world and from it obliterate North and South America, Australia, and the greater part of Africa, we shall see at a glance the whole earth as known before Christopher Columbus made his great discovery. The vast, unknown waste that stretched around the world of the middle-ages, was peopled with vague terrors—giant cannibals, fiery dragons, vindictive demons, and horrid monsters of all shapes. Myth-heated imagination supplied the place of knowledge. Where you know nothing, place terrors, was the rule much in vogue among ancien geographers.

Prince Henry of Portugal, and the bands of mariners in his employ had, when Columbus was still a child, made great discoveries in Africa. But the fame of these discoveries, though by no means few or unimportant, has been dimmed by the dazzling glory of the one which gave a new world to Castile and Leon.

Authorities differ as to the date of Columbus's birth. Washington Irving adopts 1436, and Arthur Helps hesitates between 1447 and 1448, while others range from Irving's date to 1456, in attempting to fix the precise year. It is probable, however, that Columbus was born in one of the years named by Helps.

Genoa was his birthplace. His father was a wool-carder. At an early age he entered the University of Pavia, where he obtained that knowledge of mathematics and natural science which contributed greatly to the success of his voyages.

Having finished his course of study in the University, he spent a few months as a wool-carder, but he soon deserted that business, and at the age of fourteen chose a sea-faring life.

Columbus made many voyages before the great idea of his life ripened. Of these voyages but scant record remains. It is certain that he visited England, Ireland, and the coast of Guinea.

All things combined to prepare him for the sublime work he was about to accomplish. Education, temperament, experience, peculiarly fitted him for such an undertaking. But even when he set sail from the port of Palos on that voyage which was to produce such grand results, he was as yet all in the dark. For a long time the Portuguese had turned their attention to the discovery of a passage to the Indies by doubling the southern point of Africa, and then turning toward the East. Columbus had concluded that there was a western passage to India. He originated the idea of venturing westward into the unexplored waste of waters, in search of that vast kingdom—the home of the fabled Prester John and a thousand splendid wonders. He believed the world to be a sphere, though smaller than it really is, and he over-estimated the size of Asia, the eastern part of which he hoped to reach by sailing westward.

Rumors of strange, drifting wood and reeds, and even of two corpses, of an unknown race, which had been cast up by the sea upon one of the Azores, came to the ears of Columbus, confirming his theory.

About the year 1470, Columbus arrived at Lisbon, and soon after married Donna Felipa Munnis Perestrelo, the daughter of an eminent Portuguese navigator. The journals of his father-in-law were of great service to Columbus. After a short residence in Lisbon, he took up his residence at Porto Santo, of which island Perestrelo had been governor. He spent his time in study, and earned a livelihood by making maps and charts for sale.

Columbus tried to induce the Senate of Genoa to further his project. Failing in this, he applied in vain to the Portuguese king, and then went in disgust to apply to the Court of Spain. He also sent his brother, Bartholomew, to lay his plan before Henry VII. of England. Lord Bacon asserts that Bartholomew was captured by pirates, and before he could complete his arrangements with the English king, the enterprise was achieved.

Columbus had not chosen a propitious time for presenting his petition to Ferdinand and Isabella. Spain had no treasure to spare for foreign research, while the deadly struggle between the cross and the crescent was being carried on at home.

Patiently and perseveringly he solicited a favorable answer to his proposition. Five years passed; at the end of that time he was kindly dismissed. Well might the great and good Las Casas call the suit of Columbus for the furtherance of his darling project, "a terrible, continuous, painful, prolix battle."

The marvellous greatness and constancy of the man's mind was shown more brilliantly than ever; in his adversity he was upheld by his profound religious faith.

His friend, Juan Perez, who had formerly acted as confessor to the queen, wrote to her on his behalf. Columbus was recalled to Court; but again he failed. His failure this time was due to the large extent of his demands. In fact, beyond the discovery of the Indies, Columbus saw a greater and more chivalrous enterprise, to which the wealth that might be found in the new country was but a stepping-stone. This ulterior enterprise was that of another crusade against the infidels of the Holy Land. "Columbus," says an eminent historian, "carried the chivalrous ideas of the twelfth century into the somewhat self-seeking fifteenth."

At last, in January, 1492, when Columbus was setting out for France, Luis de Santangel and Quintanilla, two noblemen in favor at Court, made another effort in his behalf. Their arguments so greatly affected the wise and womanly Isabella, that she offered to pledge her jewels, if it were necessary, that the project should be undertaken during the then impoverished state of the treasury, which had been drained by the conquest of Granada; but the astute Ferdinand looked coldly on the enthusiasm of Columbus and his friends.

On the 3d of August, 1492, three vessels, the Santa Maria, the Pinta, and the Niña, of about one hundred tons burden each, set sail from Palos, and touching at the Canary Islands, entered the trackless deep. The whole number of the crew of these caravels was one hundred and twenty. There is no doubt that many of these adventurers were criminals, induced by a proclamation of pardon to join the expedition. To keep such a body of men in order, the Admiral (such was now the title of Columbus,) was obliged to exert all his resolution, and that peculiar quality of compelling respect which he possessed in a high degree.

During that voyage the heart of the admiral must have often turned sick within him when his crew murmured, and day followed day with no land in sight; but he preserved a brave aspect.

On the 12th of October, at two o'clock in the morning, a gun from the Pinta gave the signal that land was in sight. The land proved to be one of the Bahama Islands. On the same morning, Columbus, clad in complete armor, and carrying the banner of Spain, landed. He and all the Spaniards knelt upon the verdant shore of the island, and with tears of joy, gave thanks to God, while the natives stood afar off, watching the strangers in amazement. This island he named San Salvador. He also added Cuba and Hispaniola to the possessions of Spain. He believed these newly-discovered islands to be a short distance from India, and as they had been reached by a western passage, they were named the West Indies.

Columbus was received with acclamations on his return to Spain. He made several other voyages to the New World, and on his third voyage discovered the Continent of America. Shipwrecked on the coast of Jamaica, he, with his usual fertility of resource, saved himself and his followers from starvation. He predicted an eclipse of the moon to the natives; when that event occurred, they were awe-struck and submissive, no longer refusing him the provisions he required.

To do justice to the character of Columbus, it would be necessary to occupy more space than we have at command. He was a great discoverer and a remarkable man; but to fully appreciate his true greatness, it is necessary to understand the spirit of his age, and distinguish those tints and details of his character which, blended, made a perfect whole.

He was unjustly treated by those from whom he had a right to expect the highest rewards. He was superseded by men who were his inferiors in every respect, and sent back to Spain in chains. The shame of having inflicted this last mark of degradation on the discoverer, belongs rather to Bobadilla, the agent of Ferdinand and Isabella, than to those monarchs.

Columbus died at Valladolid, on the 20th of May, 1506. He had at last found a refuge from injustice. His dying words were, "Into thy hands, O Lord, I commit my soul."

THE WORLD AND I.

BY NELLY M. HUTCHINSON.

Whether my life be glad or no,
The summers come, the summers go,
The lanes grow dark with dying leaves;
Icicles hang beneath the caves;
The asters wither to the snow:
Thus doth the summer end and go,
Whether my life be glad or no.

Whether my life be sad or no,
The winters come, the winters go,
The sunshine plays with baby leaves;
Swallows build about the caves;
The lovely wind-flowers bend and blow:
Thus doth the winter end and go,
Whether my life be sad or no.

Yet Mother Nature gives to me
A fond and patient sympathy;
In my own heart I find the charm
To make her tender, near and warm:
Through summer sunshine, winter snow,
She clasps me, sad or glad or no.

AN AUTUMN REVERY.

BY W. J. E.

One by one—almost unnoticed in their flight—the bright summer days have left us; one by one the gay and beautiful flowers have folded their petals and withered away: and one by one the sweet birds, whose rich, wild carolings so often greeted us in the early morning hours, have flown to their "Sunny Southern Home."

A deep, smoky haze falls on everything around us, and imparts to all things in Nature a dream-like appearance: a lone cricket chirps its song, and from distant woodlands sounds the report of the huntsman's gun as he rambles on in search of pigeon and pheasant. The frosts have come, and they have not failed to visit the once green foliage of each bush and tree. What artist's brush, what poet's pen, or orator's eloquence could adequately describe the magnificent dress which the trees have donned? There is the rich amber, the bright, glowing scarlet, the still remaining traces of green and the sombre brown—all mingled in the richest profusion.

The mountains are masses of grandeur. What color cannot there be found? What is wanting to make them perfect? Ah, they are perfect, as only a Father's hand can make them. Over them is daily thrown the deep, blue haze. It is that Heaven's own blue, which is found not in Art, but in Nature alone. Yes, the autumn days have come! Everything in Nature tells it to us. The nuts have become brown, have fallen, and been gathered; and the apples have had their cheeks painted, and have been stored away, or are being gathered. And so another summer has glided away! How rapidly are they leaving us!

"Silently as the daylight
Comes when the night is done."

The spring and summer days of our lives are gliding away, and nearer and still nearer is approaching the autumn. Many of the flowers which have sprung up by the wayside are beginning to wither; the birds of our homesteads are leaving us—some to go to other homes on earth, and others to their long home. Soon, too, the frosts of life will steal unawares upon us, and ere we dream of it they will silver our hair; they will nip the buds of Hope for us, and they will sever from the stem many a sweet dream now waving so gracefully.

Will we, too, when life's autumn comes, have rich fruit to gather in, or will it be a harvest of "nothing but leaves?" Will we not through the bright days of summer and spring watch over some tender plants so that when the harvest-time comes we too may have something to garner in? Let us labor so that when our sun shall set, it may set, as does the sun now in these golden days, in a sea of glory. Let our life's autumn be as glorious as the autumn of Nature, which has met our enraptured gaze during the October days, and then with a sweet assurance of labor ended we will quietly sink to rest—

"Like one who wraps the drapery of his couch about him
And lies down to pleasant dreams."

THE HOLLY WREATH.

BY S. R. TOWNSHEND MAYER.

I know a bonny little head,
Whose tresses, glossy brown,
For comeliness and modesty
Might well become a crown.
It is not decked with costly pearls,
Nor decked with diamonds gay;
But blessings on the darling locks
That wear the holly spray!

The berries of the mistletoe
Shall bind it o'er with pearls;
The holly's coral beads shall glow
Among its wealth of curls;
For every tress around my heart
Is twined since that glad day
When first I saw its modest worth
Wreathed with a holly spray.

OBSERVATIONS.

BY MAX ADELER.

[Editors will please bear in mind that the following Observations by Max Adeler, in common with the other original contents of THE POST, are copyrighted. We give this notice on account of the constant "appropriation" of Max Adeler's articles, without the requisite credit being given either to the writer or the paper.—*Ed. Sat. Eve. Post.*]

—Our neighbor Chubb has not much of an ear for music, but he has spent a considerable sum in having his daughter taught how to hammer a piano, and he is proud of her accomplishments. He was talking with us over the fence the other day when a series of dreadful sounds came from his piano through the open parlor window. Presently Chubb remarked, "D'you hear that, Adeler? Just listen to that, will you? That's what I call music." Then there were a few additional bangs on the instrument, a flourish or two, and then more discordant thumping.

"Splendid, isn't it?" said Chubb, "Mary Jane's bustin' the music right out of that machine, you observe. Them's the Strauss waltzes, I believe, she's rattlin' with now. Just listen."

We remarked that from the energy displayed, Mary Jane at least seemed to be really in earnest. But whether she was treating Mr. Strauss exactly right was an open question.

"I don't know nothin' about music, Adeler," observed Chubb, "but I kin tell the real thing when I hear it, and I kin sit and hear Mary Jane play them waltzes and the Maiden's Prayer until it makes me cry like a child."

We asserted that if she played those compositions as she was doing now, it would make anybody cry. A deaf mute would shed tears.

"Listen to that now, will you?" exclaimed Chubb as a wild tumult of sound came from the parlor. "Isn't that splendid? If I didn't know it was Mary Jane a-tearin' around among them waltzes, I'd think it was one of them fellers who play at the concerts. Let's go over and hear her."

We entered the house and sought the parlor. Mary Jane was nowhere to be seen, but to the infinite disgust of Chubb there was a red-haired man with a fist as big as a loaf of bread, tuning the piano. Chubb asked us not to tell anybody, and we won't. It is related here in confidence and it must go no farther.

—We take two health journals, and they worry us nearly to death. The *Sanitarium* will come on Monday with an article showing that nearly all cases of consumption are attributable to the practice of keeping the bed-room windows open at night. On Wednesday will come the *Family Physician* with an editorial demonstrating that bilious fever arises from keeping the windows closed at night. As we must either close them or open them, it is clear that we have to choose between the positive certainty of consumption or of bilious fever. On Monday the *Sanitarium* shows that tobacco is a deadly poison, and that a smoker is certain to have cancer in his mouth and entire destruction of his mental faculties sooner or later. On Wednesday, when the *Family Physician* arrives, we find that a cigar may be used with advantage when there are sores in the mouth, and that moderate smoking braces the nerves and keeps the mind clear. The *Sanitarium* insists that suspenders make the shoulders round, and consequently injure the chest. Two days afterward the *Family Physician* declares that unless clothing is worn very loose about the waist the health will be ruined. In such a case it seems that there is nothing to be done but to go without trowsers; and if we consent to do that, some other health journal would come out with the statement that unless the legs are covered inflammatory rheumatism is sure to set in. One says coffee drinking is certain death; the other asserts that it is the only way to perfect health. One affirms that persons should drink a great deal of water upon going to bed, and none when they rise in the morning. The other says that water should be drunk upon rising, and not upon retiring. One states that everybody should take a walk in the morning upon an empty stomach (a poor sort of a thing to parade on, by the way), and the other declares that thousands ruin their constitutions every year by doing so. These things are calculated to perplex a man, unless he entertains that opinion of health journals which we have gradually formed, which is, that they are, generally, publications of a particularly asinine nature.

—Lumley has an entirely bald head, and it is related of him, (the story is not ours), that once when he was at the Zoological Garden, in Paris, the day was warm and he lay down upon one of the benches and went to sleep. After awhile he was awakened by a sense of suffocation, and when he opened his eyes he found that something covered his face. He began to struggle to release himself, and the next moment a gigantic ostrich leaped up and began to prance down the path. The ostrich had observed the top of Lumley's bald head, and, mistaking it for one of its eggs, it had begun to set upon it for the purpose of hatching it. Lumley has since worn a wig; and when he goes among ostriches he keeps his hat on.

—A Tennessee paper tells of the presentation to a citizen of Nashville of the "inkstand used by General Jackson at the battle of New Orleans." The fact that the general fought the British in that battle with an inkstand has hitherto not been known to the public. We have always imagined Jackson standing behind a cotton bale and blazing away at the foe with a blunderbuss in one hand and a horse-pistol in the other. But the facts, it now appears, were different; he conducted the combat with an inkstand. It must have been a magnificent sight to have watched that old soldier dashing into the enemy's ranks upon his foaming charger, and whacking those myrmidons of a foreign despot over the head, one by one, with that glass inkstand, and scattering the ink over their clean clothes in the wild fury of his wrath, stopping every now and then to fill the weapon up with ink when it became empty! We would have given anything to have seen that fearful contest—to have seen it from some point about five miles distant, through a spy-glass. There was always something grand about that old warrior Jackson, but he seems grander now that we know how he fought for his country.

—A recent volume of poems published in this city contains some verses entitled "By the Sea," in which the poet says:

"On the foaming white of the misty light
My lover seems to ride;
And I think how lone is his billowy home
Upon the silver tide."

There can be no doubt that a man would be lonely riding out on the foaming white of the silver tide, and under the circumstances it would seem as if the poet would have been in the line of duty to have paddled out to that lonely lover in a skiff instead of sitting on the shore and being bitten by the green-headed flies. But the thought of his loneliness would not have occurred to us before anything else. *Our* first thought would have been that unless that idiot out there on the foaming white, had on india rubber overalls he would be positively certain to get his pants wet and to suffer ultimately from rheumatism in his legs. And then we should have borrowed a boat and dragged him ashore by his hair if he had any. Perhaps this is not a poetical view, but a lover with mildewed breeches and cramp in his shins is not poetical either.

—We thought it would be a nice thing to have a weathercock placed upon our stable, and so last summer we bought one—a magnificent gilt rooster with a running tail, and a ramrod run up through him—and gave it to our man to fix upon the cupola on the roof of the building. It worked splendidly for awhile, and we were glad we had bought it. One morning we observed that the rooster pointed directly northeast, and although the sky was perfectly clear we knew that this portended a storm, so we wore our old clothes down town and carried our umbrella. It didn't rain; but the next morning the weathercock still pointed in that direction, and we carried the umbrella along again. It was the most beautiful day of the season. "Mrs. Adeler," we said, on the following morning, "that storm will certainly come today. The weathercock still heads northeast. It can't be wrong." When night came there wasn't a cloud in the sky; and in the morning, although all the weathercocks in the neighborhood had pointed clear around the compass a couple of times while we were dressing, ours steadfastly indicated northeast. It seemed, at least, to be a consistent weathercock, and, as we like consistency, we determined to believe in it if we had to carry that umbrella and those gum shoes for a month. We came home early that afternoon, and just after we got in the house a gale sprang up and the wind blew so furiously, apparently from the southwest, that it hurled the bricks out of Chubb's chimney over into the yard, and blew a tree down across the fence. There seemed to be no earthly reason to doubt, from all the strong indications, that it was a southwest wind, and in the midst of the storm we went and took a look at the weathercock. It was pointing dead northeast. When the hurricane was over we mounted the stable roof to examine the rooster, and we found that he was held quiet by three or four pieces of stout wire. We questioned the man about it, and he said, "Be gorra, Misther Adeler, but the baste of a rooster was loose when oi put 'im up there, an' he made such a whuzzin' noise a-turnin' round, that oi thocht oi would quiet 'im a bit, sur. Oi thocht the orathur was merely ornaminta', sur, an' that it didn't make a blasted bit ov difference how he stood. An' ye wanted him to go round, did ye? Be gracious, oi wish ol'd a-knowed that now." Anybody who wants to hire a good man to take care of weathercocks and to manifest intelligent comprehension of things generally, can hear of such a person by applying to us. We will part with our man without a pang of regret.

—Parker was in our company when we were out with the militia. We always noticed that when anybody fired a gun in the vicinity of Parker, he invariably began to move off; and when there was a report that the enemy were approaching, Parker always picked up his gun and began to walk in the direction of British America with as great rapidity as if he had an important engagement with a man up there, and must be on hand within an hour and a half. We remonstrated with Parker upon this practice. "It has a bad appearance. It looks as if you were afraid. Now you are never any worse scared than the rest of us, and it isn't right that you should pack up and leave before we have a chance to get our things together. It is your duty as a soldier to cover the retreat of your superior officers, and get between them and the enemy so that the bullets won't hit the lieutenants and the sergeants."

"You misunderstand me," said Parker. "My falling back is not an evidence of fright. When I do that, I am really thirsty for blood; I am wild with anxiety to plunge into the Confederate ranks and bathe myself with human gore. But the fact is, that I have made a solemn promise to die with my face to the foe. Now a man generally turns over at least once when he is expiring in agony—and I am afraid that if I *fall* with my face to the foe, I might roll over and die with my back in that direction. Whereas if I start with the enemy at my rear, it is probable that when I draw my last breath I will have turned over and will be looking right at him. Do you understand?"

It was a noble purpose that was cherished by that heroic young man, but he never realized it. The next time an engagement was threatened he struggled so hard to get into the proper position, that he was twenty miles in the interior of Snyder county before the enemy fired a shot. He is now in the grocery business, and to hear him tell the story of his valor, as he weighs out the sugar and measures the molasses, is to obtain a very vivid impression that if Parker had not been in the army, the fratricidal contest would be raging yet.

—Mr. Rafferty, of Darby, has less faith in the "Patent Combination Lock" than he formerly had. He bought one a few weeks ago, and placed it upon the front door of his store. He chuckled as he went to bed that night to think how he had checkmated the fraternity of burglars. But in the morning he forgot the combination by which the key was to be fixed, and when he tried to open the lock he couldn't. He worked at it all that day, and during the entire week he had locksmiths down from the city endeavoring to pick the lock, and meanwhile his business was entirely suspended and his customers all went to the rival store over the way. Finally he got a fence rail, and levelling it like a battering ram, he broke the door to splinters. When he got in, he found that burglars had had one of the back windows open for four nights, and had nearly cleaned the place out while he was agonizing over that lock. There have been madder men in Darby than Rafferty, but very few who have felt so mad all over, from toe-nails to hair, as Rafferty does now.

AN INDIAN LEGEND.

BY MABEL PERCY.

In the wild woods a lone grave lies,
Untouched by hands, unseen by eyes.

The bright stars look caressing down,
The blue sky draws her curtains round.

In years agone Metallue wooed
An Indian maid in language rude.

They lived and loved as others do,
Of red or white, or whate'er hue.

He caught, with curious line and hook,
The luscious trout from sparkling brook.

With rarer skill he tracked the deer,
And fished their lowly lair with cheer.

The bliss of earth and flowers she caught,
In leaves their lovely colors wrought.

At eve Metallue heated home,
Mahala waited in the gloom.

Mayme came and went, a baby was there,
A dark-eyed hare, round-faced and fair.

Metallue saw his child with pride,
Mahala, no less happy, cried.

* * * * * *

'Tis break of day, the lone crag's crown,
On wreck and ruin now look down.

The happy echo, wondering, flies,
The valley weeps in tears of mist.

No graceful wigwams dot the vale,
But flickering fires light up the dale.

For fancied wrongs the pale face fought;
At dead of night this ruin wrought.

Of all that happy Indian band,
Metallue only lifts his hand;—

Toward crag and cliff he swings it high
And utters his despairing cry:—

"Father of spirits, whose home is in the rocks,
Who flets from every hill and never mocks
The poor red Indian's cry to Thee for help!
Oh, let the sad winds toll Thee of our tears,
And let the rushing torrents speak to Thee of fears
That fell upon Mahala's heart at night.
Let the happy hearts and peaceful home that were
Be weighted against our sinful souls that err,
And let our wrongs need vengeance, God of right!"

No trodden path points out to curious eyes
The lonely grave where his Mahala lies.

For Indian hate concealed with cunning art
Where Indian love had buried his fond heart.

Their happy life is told by birds and flowers,
By babbling brooks and glistening summer showers,

Their fate, by lonely echoing thunders borne
To Western prairies, told by hearts that mourn.

JESSIE DALE.

The Conductor's Daughter;

OR,

The Plot Against the Pennsylvania Railroad.

BY BURR THORNBURY, Esq.,

AUTHOR OF "ST. LEGER'S LOVE," "RAVENSWOOD," "SKALE, THE SCOUT," "AGNES AIRE," ETC.

CHAPTER XVI.

THE TENDER PASSION.

Several days elapsed without any new developments. The efforts of the railroad officials and their agents to apprehend the leading villains of the organization, which was attempting so much, did not result in anything practical. Jack Clayton had not been trusted with many of his superiors' secrets. He did very well as a tool, but he was not in actual league with them.

The events of that exciting night trip had been thoroughly discussed in Conductor Dale's family, and Jessie and her aunt had become so alarmed because of those repeated attempts to throw his trains from the track, that they endeavored to induce him to give up his position on the road. But no, he could not think of doing that. He did not wish to yet; besides it would look cowardly.

Cecil Parnell, as Wilmer Dorrance, had interested himself very much in the matter. He had called repeatedly at Mr. Dale's house, sometimes seeing him only, sometimes managing to obtain the company of Jessie.

Jessie Dale was quite pleased with the young man. His graceful, easy manner, his peculiar beauty, his intelligence, and his accomplishments combined to make him an agreeable companion.

Her father was not so well pleased as he was at first. In fact, he began to suspect him. He began to think that perhaps it would be best not to admit him to Jessie's society. To be sure she was in no danger of forming an undue attachment for him, for Harry Lester held too large a place in her heart for that, as was now to be perceived. Some discrepancies in statements made to Mr. Dale by Cecil Parnell had first arrested the father's attention, and caused him to inquire of himself if the true character of the young man might not be questionable. Cecil had tried afterward to gloss some of his contradictory statements over, but he did not succeed entirely in allaying the rising distrust with which he was regarded.

He could not satisfy Mr. Dale that he had regular occupation (to be without which is a bad sign in a young man), though he had represented that he was *a designer*, which in truth he was, though not of the sort he intended should be thought.

He undoubtedly possessed some knowledge of the doings and intentions of the secret junto of railway conspirators, and to Mr. Dale he imparted just enough to interest him without enlightening him. To the conductor's "leading" questions, he would only say—"*wait*."

It had not yet occurred to Mr. Dale that the young man himself might be one of the members of the cabal, but he was unconsciously nearing that conclusion. Sometimes the truth is so very close to us that we quite overlook it—its presence is unsuspected merely because we think that it must be searched for; we do not imagine that it will boldly come to our doors. It was so in this case.

Cecil Parnell's visits to the conductor's home might be summarily ended at almost any time—whenever suspicion should burst into conviction. This he well knew, and so he determined to make the best of the opportunities that remained to him.

Of late he had fancied that Jessie had grown more cordial to him, though in a shy, sweet way that seemed to him—oh, blessed thought!—to be born of a budding love.

Perhaps he had begun to displace the millionaire's son in her heart. He knew he was handsome and fascinating, and he fondly fancied that he was to be the favored suitor after all. Harry Lester, he was willing to believe, had not yet been accepted as Jessie's lover; and now the tide was turning; her maiden heart in the presence of a more romantic wooer had begun to tire of the first, for it must be admitted that Harry was rather practical for a lover to be. He did not talk much to Jessie of "lowers of bliss," and all that sort of thing, but of home and fireside, and good everyday happiness.

It might have been thought by some that Cecil Parnell did not desire to become Jessie's suitor; he was so gay, and apparently indifferent about it. Jessie did not think that he cared anything for her, except to chat and laugh with her, and twit her about her musical performances. Jessie was always sad when she opened the piano, she was then so forcibly reminded of her lost friend, Mrs. Rowland; so, if her music was a little doleful, she might have been pardoned. But Cecil always insisted upon her playing, and then laughed at her afterward. He was an excellent performer himself, but would rarely touch the instrument. Thus these two were occasionally together; one with his concealed love burning and glowing in his heart like a June rose—that is, as full of life and color and passionate sweetness—and the other with no sentiment to match it. None for him at least.

One evening they were alone in the parlor.

Harry Lester was not to call that night, and so Cecil had the field to himself.

For the first time Jessie had noticed that her companion's manner seemed that of a lover, and the discovery made her uneasy. Somehow she had come to feel that it would be dangerous to offend or mortify him in any way, even unintentionally.

Cecil had played a brilliant passionate piece on the piano. It was one of his best efforts, and he had undertaken it with a purpose. Jessie listened enraptured.

At the close of the performance she did not speak any word of praise, but looked into his face in a breathless, rapturous way that better than any articulate speech expressed her delight.

Cecil Parnell read that look with a sort of glad triumph. With a flush on his face and a strange longing light in his eyes, he smiled upon her.

"Oh, Mr. Dorrance!" she gasped at last, breaking the almost awesome hush, "I did not know you *could* play so."

"Why shouldn't I?" he asked, rather strangely. "It is all in my heart."

"All in your heart! All that fierce, stormy, triumphant, despairing, tender, glorious, harmonious madness?"

"All; and all for you—because of you. I love you, Jessie Dale; I love you with just such power as I have expressed to you. I spoke through those ivory pulses."

"Oh, Mr. Dorrance!" cried Jessie, appalled by his passionate earnestness and this sudden unveiling of his heart. She had no idea that he entertained such a feeling for her, and moreover she didn't care to be loved that way anyhow. It frightened her. It made her think of tempests and volcanoes.

She shrank from him confused, almost aghast.

"What answer do you give me, Jessie? Do you love *me*—*can* you love me? will you be my wife?"

"Please don't speak so," she pleaded. "You pain me; you appall me; I should not listen to you."

A cold despair fell upon Cecil Parnell's soul. This then was what his hope amounted to; he had been deluding himself; Jessie after all loved his rival.

"But you must listen to me," he said, resolved to press his suit. "Why should you not? Do you love another, Jessie?"

"It is not fair to ask," she answered blushing, and with some indignation.

"Nor is it necessary, I now see," he rejoined, bitterly. "Oh, Jessie, Jessie Dale! in you I had hoped to find my heart's companion; with you I had dreamed to live and love forever. But the blandishments of wealth have forestalled that blissful possibility. Why will you mate with one high and proud in the world, who will come at last to scorn your sweet simplicity? *He* will not love you, cherish you as I will, Jessie. You were not born for him; 'tis but a fickle fancy that draws him to you. You know nothing of the world's pride; turn to me that you need never know. Would you barter love for gold; peace for splendor? *He* urges you to do that, careless of all but the selfish, transient joy the sacrifice will yield him. Then will come indifference, coldness, and neglect. Will you accept such a fate as that? *I* cannot give you a palace-home, but I can take you to one where want shall never come, and which love will always brighten. Oh, Jessie, Jessie, say that you will forget the proud heart and take in its stead the true. Say you love me, Jessie."

"But that would not be telling you the truth, Mr. Dorrance," said Jessie, glad that he had ceased, though she had listened with wonderful patience. "And if you have been referring to Harry Lester, I think you have quite misunderstood him. I like you, but I don't think I could marry you. It is *you* who would tire of me, I am afraid."

"No, no," he answered passionately. And then he added, with despairing bitterness: "But I see your heart can never be mine. I would not wed you without your love; I would not have an unwilling bride. But I do love you, Jessie, better than I love life. Is it wrong to tell you that?"

"I think it is, to say it so often."

He smiled a wan, sickly smile. Then the dark eyes flashed suddenly, and Jessie trembled to see that quick, baleful lighting of his face. In a moment it was over, and then he said, calmly—too calmly—

"But we will always be friends?"

"Always, I trust. I shall ever remember the service you did my father!"

"And is that all?" he asked, with a slight but bitter curl of the lip.

"Oh, no; I shall not forget *you*—your own good self."

"How precious is friendship, Jessie!"

The sneer was exquisite.

"Now, Mr. Dorrance," said Jessie, in her plain way, "you hate me because I cannot love you."

"I do not," he replied.

"What does ail you then?"

"Jessie—I may always call you Jessie, may I not?—you are exquisitely original and charming. There is not another like you in the world. Do you wonder that I feel bad, loving you and losing you?"

"You will soon get over it. I am not much to fret about."

"You are much to me. You might marry me yet—and let Harry Lester go."

"You said you would not wed without love."

"Nor will I. If you could not love me, I would never marry you."

"I do not think I could love *two* as both would want to be loved," said Jessie.

"No divided heart for me. I give up my dream."

He said this so quietly, that Jessie was reassured. Had she known what, in his secret soul, he added, she would not so soon have forgotten his late baleful looks.

How calm he was! He smiled, he laughed, he was gay again. The subject of his love seemed buried; and Jessie acknowledged to herself that he was a very charming, sensible youth, to act so becomingly.

How commendable, she thought, was his mode of ignoring what had just occurred—without embarrassment, without bitterness, without mortification.

Cecil Parnell was in earnest when he said that he wanted no divided heart. If Jessie could not love him wholly and singly, he would not have her love at all. But that was not to be the end of the matter. No, no; his was a strange nature. With all his renewed gayety and lightness, he was despairing, mortified, and miserable. Life had now no meaning to him.

"I will die," he said deep in his aching heart; "I will die, and Jessie shall die with me. Perhaps as spirits we can love each other."

He played for her again—such wild, weird, plaintive music! The instrument seemed to respond to his touch, like a living, sentient, suffering being.

Jessie had never heard such sounds. How could they be made to come forth from that soulless source?

He ceased.

"Good-night," he said. "I will play for you again sometime."

And then he left her, and went out into the street.

Jessie paused, thoughtful and perplexed, after the door had closed.

"He is a mystery," she said to herself. "I never knew such a person before; and yet how he reminds me of some one. Who can it be?"

But she could not satisfy herself on that point.

CHAPTER XVII.

FRUSTRATED.

The days of Beatrice Rowland's imprisonment passed wearily enough. Every material comfort was provided her—luxurious food, delicious drinks, elegant appointments in her private parlor and her chamber—books, engravings, everything, in fact, that money could procure. But the golden cage did not render the bird happy. The very luxury of her surroundings was distasteful to her, for it suggested the dishonest affluence her abductors could command.

For one thing she felt grateful—she had not as yet been more than briefly intruded upon by those in power in that mysterious house. The quadroon was her frequent companion for brief periods, but neither Jay Marbury nor the grave Mr. Gray gave her their presence long at a time. That both were in the house she suspected, though the perverse and ofttimes humorously-provoking Lucy would not always assure her on that point. But poor Beatrice was conscious of some human presence besides that of the mute and the quadroon. This instinctive knowledge at times affected her unpleasantly; again something like a magnetic thrill struck through her being, and she inexplicably felt trustful and at ease, as if a friend were near.

But this condition quickly passed, and then she would muse and despond over the sadness and uncertainty of her situation.

Knowing that those were not far away who would joyfully welcome her to their midst again, if she could but escape, her thoughts naturally dwelt much upon that subject. If she could only induce the quadroon to assist her, the matter would not appear so difficult. But days elapsed before an opportunity offered to try her. But the mirthful Lucy was not to be easily shaken in her allegiance to her masters—and besides could not be made to realize that her prisoner's position was indeed a painful and miserable one.

"You has everything that's nice, my lady," said Lucy; "why can't you be cheery?"

"I have not my freedom, Lucy," replied Mrs. Rowland, sadly.

"Well, no, not just yet, but you will have. These gen'lemen have their reasons for keeping you so close for awhile, but they don't mean any harm, I know. I told you they're not the *bad* bad, missus. I wouldn't pine and worry."

"Oh, Lucy, you do not comprehend my danger. You seem to think that only personal violence is to be feared."

"And what's worse?" asked the quadroon, with a grimace. "Down there on the plantation, I've seen yellow gals like me, who had the proud and touchy nature in 'em, have to take the lash till the *white* blood was all let out of 'em. But since you's in no such danger, missus, why need you be afeerd?"

Mrs. Rowland almost smiled, shocked as she was, to note what ideas still ran in the quadroon's mind. She saw that Lucy regarded her as being comparatively well off, and she despaired of changing this notion. A singular callousness or perversity appeared to mark the freedwoman's sensibilities. She seemed incapable of sympathy.

Abandoning for the present her idea of pleading for Lucy's connivance at escape, Mrs. Rowland, in a sort of idle interest, questioned her in regard to her former life in the South.

"You passed most of your years on a plantation, I suppose, Lucy?"

"Yes, my lady; till I drifted up here on the war-tide."

"I too, was born in the South, Lucy."

"You, missus!"

"So I believe."

"And how did you get this far away?"

"I was stolen, I believe—I and my little sister."

"Stolen. I thought only niggers was stolen!"

"I was taken from my home by a wicked man, who represented at first that he was my father. I hardly know what to think in regard to some things of the past; sometimes all seems clear, and again much is in doubt. That I am the child of deeply-wronged parents I am certain. I and my little sister were both taken from them. She, I may say, I never knew, for she was almost immediately lost; but I had a picture of her, and it was to me like the memory of a living presence. I was sure, too, that I saw a resemblance in it to myself, and thus became convinced that she *was* my sister. And certain other evidence appears to prove it. But—"

Mrs. Rowland paused, and passed her hand wearily over her brow.

"From what part of the South did you come missus?" asked the quadroon.

"From Alabama, I believe; near Bayville."

"Laws! that was *my* State!" cried the woman. "'Tain't possible, is it, that you is Colonel Day's chile?"

"That was my name, Lucy, before I was married."

"But the colonel never had but one chile that I knows of."

"What was his wife's Christian name, Lucy? Janette?"

"The very same; and she was my own missus."

"That was my mother's name—Janette Day."

"Laws! laws! you must be the one they lost. Miss Janette—we couldn't call her missus, nohow, she was so young and giddy-like—went nigh 'stracted that time. Lord! it was jist awful for her!"

"My poor mother!" groaned Mrs. Rowland. "Are you certain they had no other child, Lucy?"

"Well, it may have been, but I never see her. But I went to Mobile, and they went to some far country to ward off the sorrow; so I didn't hear much for awhile. They didn't write home, nor have nothing to do with home. Then the war come and lots of trouble for us all."

"I must be right, Lucy. But do you remember hearing of my dear mother's death? She died, they tell me."

"Yes, but not till after your father died. It 'peared as if she couldn't live after the trouble come, but she did, and even grew gay and gladsome again. But, maybe, poor lady, she wasn't quite right, after all. Too much lightness ain't a good sign—there is apt to be bitterness under it."

"My dear, dead mother!" groaned Beatrice Rowland in the anguish of her spirit. "I seem to think only of her. What of my father, Lucy?"

"A tall, handsome man, missus; stern, but kind too. You wouldn't want to disobey or oppose him, and you wouldn't dare to if you did. The flash of his eye was worse than lightnin'—it would knock a nigger down, and that you know, missus, a thunder-ball can't always do. But his smile was another kind of light—it was as warm as sunshine."

The features of Beatrice Rowland glowed.

"My father must have been a noble man," she said, half aloud. "How different from Belmont Matthewson! Oh, what has that bad man caused me to lose! Tell me everything you know of my parents and my home, Lucy," she said, in an eager tone. "I am sure now that I am the daughter of those of whom you speak. Oh, what have I lost! And all through the man you indirectly serve."

For the first time the quadroon seemed really to pity her. She gave her a rapid, glowing sketch of the old plantation home. When she ceased her listener's eyes were glistening full of tears—tears that she could not restrain.

"Oh, Lucy," she said, painfully repeating that pathetic cry, "what have I lost!"

"And what have *I* found; my own young, sweet missus that would have been!"

"And you would have served me faithfully, Lucy," said Mrs. Rowland, with tenderest reproach implied in her tone and look.

"Oh, my lady!" exclaimed the quadroon, who knew her meaning.

"I would not teach you unfaithfulness, Lucy," said Beatrice, solemnly, "least of all, ingratitude. But I am in mortal peril, and your aid can save me. I adjure you to give it. Suffer me to escape from this place—flee with me, and love and serve me as you would have done."

The quadroon was trembling violently. The clear saffron-olive of her complexion became overshadowed with an ashen hue, as of fear. Her eyes filled with a sort of undefinable terror.

"I dare not, missus," she gasped.

"You dare not?"

"They would kill me."

"But you too would escape; you would be safe with me."

She shook her head unbelievingly, saying:

"You do not know them; they would find us out; their spies are everywhere. It is the doom of those who betray them to die."

"Better death than infamy, Lucy. I do not think their power is so far-reaching as you apprehend. They have represented this to you that you might be cowed into remaining in their service."

"Missus, missus, it *is* as I say. Dumb Duffy would tell you so if he could speak. *They clipped his tongue to keep him silent.* He cannot speak, he cannot write, and so their secrets are safe with him."

"You horrify me, Lucy! But I am resolved to attempt to leave this house. *You* will not oppose me; you will instruct me how to reach the street. Quick! there may not be a moment to lose."

A sudden loyalty and devotion to the beautiful woman rose in the breast of the quadroon.

"They may kill me if they will," she exclaimed; "I will go with you, dear missus. There is only Mr. Gray in the house, and we can leave it without him seeing us. See! I have the inside key!"

"Hasten, then, Lucy. Bring me something to wear in the street, and we will go. You shall not rue this service to me."

The quadroon flew from the room, and soon returned with bonnet and shawl, both for herself and mistress. Mrs. Rowland would have urged flight even before obtaining these articles, but she reflected that the appearance of herself and companion in the street without them would probably attract a very unpleasant degree of attention.

Before attempting to leave the house, Lucy made a reconnoissance to assure herself that the way was open. Finding that Mr. Gray was busy in his private room, she hastened softly back to her mistress, and in a few moments the two were descending the stairs. Reaching the vestibule door, Lucy's first act was to cut a cord that communicated with an alarm-bell, which rang every time any one went out or came in. But before she could apply the key she carried to the lock—or simultaneously, rather, with that operation—from the outside a similar sound was heard, to the dismay of both of them.

"It is Mr. Marbury!" ejaculated the quadroon, in a terrified breath. "Back to the parlor, missus—just there, I mean," indicating the door to the nearest apartment.

Mrs Rowland shrank into the gloom of the shadowed room, and Lucy, cowering, followed her, first having deftly tied the severed cord.

"If he goes straight up stairs we can slip out yet, maybe," whispered the quadroon, in a tone not louder than the palpitation of her heart.

The front door by this time had been opened and closed again after giving ingress to the returning Marbury, for it was indeed he. The vestibule door was then soon passed, and the villain stood in the hall. In response to the signal made by his opening of the second door, with which the cord communicated, the mute soon appeared.

In the meantime, the hall being dark to Marbury in consequence of his having come from the glare of the outside day, he had lighted the gas in one burner of the chandelier over his head.

"Is all right, Duffy?" he inquired of the mute.

The latter indicated his assurance that everything was.

"Good," muttered Marbury; "I had felt uneasy. Ha! what is this?"

He picked up an object lying on the first step of the stairway.

"A lady's veil, as I believe! Duffy, you scoundrel, do you lie to me? Is nothing wrong? Is the lady still in the house?"

These words were every one heard by the dismayed occupants of the parlor, and struck on their ears with a force that doubly terrified them.

The mute silently but emphatically asseverated that everything was as his master would have it.

"Run up to the lady's parlor, Duffy, and see if she is there. Go to her chamber, too. By Jove! I'm not satisfied. This article looks suspicious. Who could have dropped it?"

He awaited in anxiety the return of the serving-man. The countenance of the latter when he appeared, indicated the extremest surprise and concern.

"Not there, Duffy? Where is Lucy? You villain, you have been unfaithful. Call Mr. Gray. The house must be searched, though I fear the lady is gone. Ha! the cord of the alarm-bell has been cut and tied again. Duffy, you shall sweat for this if you have had a hand in it. You know me. But that accursed quadroon is the traitor, I'll wager my head."

Duffy stood like one stupefied.

Mr. Gray, hearing the excited and angry voice of Marbury, and immediately recognizing it, hastened to the hall.

"Mr. Gray, are you asleep?" demanded Marbury. "Do you know there is mischief a-foot? Our prisoner is gone!"

"Gone! impossible! I heard her and Lucy in her parlor but a few minutes ago."

"But the cord of the alarm-bell has been cut, and on this stairway I found a lady's veil."

"Heavens!" gasped Mr. Gray. "Has she indeed fled? You said the quadroon was entirely faithful."

"So I believed, but—let us search the house first. Both may yet be in it."

The wide door communicating with the parlor was thrown open, and the gaslight streaming in, revealed the crouching figures of the two women. They did not attempt to hide themselves, knowing that discovery was certain.

An exclamation of satisfied triumph broke from the lips of Jay Marbury.

"Indeed!" he said, "my arrival was timely. Mrs. Rowland, I am happy to see you."

There was an expression of the most sinister satisfaction in his tones.

"Do not insult the lady," said Mr. Gray, almost fiercely. "It is enough that she is our prisoner again."

Jay Marbury started in curious surprise at this unexpected championship. He darted a quick, inquiring glance at Mr. Gray, but that individual's face was grave and calm again.

Mrs. Rowland was also calm—it might be in her despair, it might be because of the reassurance she felt in the presence of Mr. Gray. The quadroon, however, was fearfully agitated. She dreaded the wrath and vengeance of Jay Marbury. Already his wicked, threatening eye had conveyed to her intimation of his anger.

Mrs. Rowland instantly pleaded the cause of Lucy.

"Do not visit any punishment upon her," she said—nay, commanded—"for I alone am to blame in this matter of attempted escape. Lucy was the servant of my mother—she would have been of myself, had I not been torn from my home and kin. Lay not a finger upon her, Jay Marbury, because of the service she would have done me."

The quadroon's gratitude for this intervention in her favor was boundless. Her dark eyes beamed upon her mistress not only in thankfulness of expression for these words, but in new love for the beautiful Beatrice. The hardened nature of Lucy had already been mellowed in the presence of the latter.

"Your wishes in this case, madam, shall be obeyed," said Marbury. "Lucy shall not be punished or even censured for her efforts in your behalf. It would be strange, indeed," he added, with an attempt at gallantry, "if the persuasions of one so lovely as yourself—"

"You need not proceed, Mr. Marbury," she interrupted, with cutting contempt. "If I could believe your words, I assure you that I would continue my 'persuasions' until I had induced your gallant self to release me."

"Madam," returned he; "that may not be so dif—"

He had actually forgotten himself and the presence of Mr. Gray. He paused in confusion, and the first color that had visited his brazen cheeks since the honest blush of boyhood, fluttered for a moment there. Then he abruptly said:

"We will go up stairs. Lucy, attend to your mistress; you are her servant now, not mine. But you will both expect to have surveillance extended you from no less faithful a person than myself."

His anger toward the quadroon seemed to have suddenly faded out. He remembered that Belmont Matthewson had said that she would be an important witness in case there should be any difficulty in establishing the identity of the heiress to the Day estate, and in consequence—taking into consideration his own personal ambition—he grew very lenient toward her. He took such precautions as would preclude another attempt to escape, and then waited in no little impatience a day or two until he judged that Mrs. Rowland's mind was in such a state of composure as would permit him to offer his suit.

CHAPTER XVIII.

FAVORED BY DISASTER.

Cecil Parnell concluded he wouldn't die just yet for Jessie's sake.

"I'll try again to win her," vowed the unsuccessful Cecil, "for I swear that Harry Lester, having all good things else, shall not have the hand of Jessie Dale. And if her heart is his, as I fear it is, I will strike down the object of her love and make room for myself—aye, even if it costs me crime! I cannot give you up, sweet Jessie—I cannot give you up, least of all to him, blessed already beyond any mortal's deserts. If I can but displace him for a time—if I can only make it *seem* that he is lost to you, then my way will be clear, for I am surely next in your dear favor. A young heart soon forgets; and if his image can be made dim in your vision, then my own face dare smile upon you. But I must act, I must act, or this prize of life will be forever lost to me."

Thereupon he set his cunning brain to work to elaborate another plot against the peace and happiness, and it might be, the life of young Harry Lester, for Cecil Parnell was one to carry his ends if once he was resolved to, be the price of success what it would.

A dozen different schemes to relieve himself of his obnoxious rival presented themselves in his mind, but not one had yet appeared entirely practical and acceptable. He hesitated to make use of many of the means at his command, for he had a distaste for vulgar crime, and in this case he did not wish to use violence or cause it to be used. He thought that if Jessie Dale ever became his wife it would not be at all pleasant to reflect that his triumph had been won by the taking of a human life. It would be an easy matter for him to employ any one of the many agents of the junto with which he was connected to strike down Harry Lester, but bloodshed was repulsive to this singular youth. Crime in its generic sense did not appall him, but in some of its varieties it did. He could coolly issue directions to his subordinates, commanding the wrecking of a railway train, that some obnoxious person might possibly be slain, but he could *not* countenance the assassination of a single individual. The two acts would have in his mind all the distinction that is made between war and murder.

By more refined but not less daring means would he therefore seek to attain his object.

But fate was to play into the hands of this young schemer, and in a remarkable way.

One afternoon in disguise he was passing over the railroad between Camden and New York. In the same car he occupied sat the very person concerning whom his thoughts were so much employed—Harry Lester. It was no unusual thing for Cecil to see Harry on the cars, but it was commonly on the more direct route between the two great cities that he observed him. On the afternoon in question circumstances called Cecil to make a visit to one of the interior towns of New Jersey, and no sooner had he taken his seat on the train than his bright-faced young rival entered. Harry looked particularly handsome and happy, and no wonder, for he had just parted from Jessie after a brief but delightful call that he made on his way to the depot. Aunt Mary, declaring in spite of his bright looks that she feared his health was not as good as usual, had insisted upon him swallowing a cup of her rejuvenating tea, and perhaps this also had a cheering effect upon him.

At any rate his young face, so proud and pure and manly in its expression, was a very aggravating sight to Cecil Parnell, whose dark-bright eyes from above the bushy false beard he wore, regarded the millionaire's son with a most envious hate.

But Harry was unconscious of this baleful observation, not even growing uneasy under the steady magnetic gaze of his enemy, as is often the case when a pair of powerful eyes are fastened upon one.

Cecil at first sat a few seats ahead of Harry, riding backward so as to have his face toward him. He changed his seat, however, when the first halt was made by the train, and took another just behind him. He did this because, having his conjectures, he desired to see what it was that occasionally so occupied Harry's attention, for the latter would very frequently take a delighted peep at some object he held almost concealed in his hand.

Cecil when opportunity offered peered with a darting glance over his rival's shoulder.

A quick, bright flush leaped to his cheeks, and then as suddenly died out.

"It is Jessie's picture!" gasped Cecil to himself.

Yes, that was what Harry Lester was taking secret, delighting glimpses of. An exquisite oval ivorytype showed her sweet young face, whether arch or artless in its expression one could never say; the earnest innocent eyes, whose light and depth and meaning even in the picture seemed to vary; the dainty-pouting lips; the delicate downy cheeks; and the rare radiance of her countenance.

Cecil Parnell almost groaned aloud. The sight of that picture in *another's* hands—and that one his fortunate rival—was as painful to him as a dagger-thrust.

From that moment he hated Harry Lester without reservation. With a right good will he could have thrown him from one of the windows of the rapidly-moving train.

"Oh, that this rushing mass would leave the track," exclaimed he demoniacally to himself, "and either he or I, or both of us would perish! Would that—"

Crash! crash!

A tremendous splintering shock! A wild thrill passing from the front to the rear of the train! Loud cries of horror, joined as one, from many throats! A fearful swaying plunge! crash on crash again, and then confusion even more dire, the gurgling of water, and the unsteady dipping of the wrecked cars on the surface of the river.

A bridge had given way, and nearly the whole train had been precipitated into the awful chasm thus formed.

Truly Cecil Parnell's wild, wicked wish was not long in being fulfilled, in part at least.

To add to the horrors of the catastrophe, the evening shades had now gathered, and the struggling unfortunates in the river could barely be distinguished in the gloom. Many perished instantly; to others death delayed but a few swift minutes.

Cecil Parnell felt that plunging crash, and comprehended its import almost with a thrill of joy. But despite his despair and wretchedness, the instinct of life was strong in him.

He and Harry Lester were in the fourth car of the train. The locomotive and tender, the baggage-car and the first two passenger-cars filled up the chasm somewhat, and saved the others from an equally fearful plunge. The fourth car alighted on the roof of its immediate predecessor, crushing it in, but remaining out of water itself. It careened partly over on one side, and thus afforded its occupants a chance to escape by the windows.

Cecil Parnell rarely lost his presence of mind. He did not on this fearful occasion. He burst open one of the windows and climbed out. He saw others endeavoring to obtain egress through the same passages. Some appeared to be wounded, for they could only protrude their heads and implore assistance.

Cecil, by leaping from the unsteady wreck, could have saved himself, for he was an excellent swimmer and the shore was not distant. But he was not wholly selfish or unheroic.

He sprang to the aid of the person nearest him. It was a young man, and he drew him safely from the car. There was artificial light by this time from the shore. A crowd had gathered, bringing lanterns and in part lighting up the confused scene.

The rays from one struck across that portion of the wreck on which Cecil stood and revealed to him the features of him whom he had assisted. Heavens! it was Harry Lester!

He, against whom he had been plotting, he was now saving! The shock of this revelation, in connection with the singularity of all the circumstances, was greater to young Parnell than the catastrophe had been. For a moment he was breathless, speechless, overwhelmed.

Then an awful thought came to him, but he drove it back.

He looked again upon the face of his rival. There was a broad blood-mark on it. Harry had been injured; he was weak and fainting; he could not stand.

"Shall I save him?" queried Cecil. "If I do not he may perish. Shall I be magnanimous? He shall not die at least. Ah! Jessie! if you could only see me now!"

Ropes had been thrown from the shore to those on the wreck. Cecil caught one and placed the knotted end in Harry's hands. He grasped it convulsively in what seemed almost a death-clutch.

"Draw up!" shouted Cecil.

It was done, and in a few moments Harry Lester, nearly insensible, lay on the shore.

Cecil then sprang into a boat that had approached, and he too was soon on terra firma. He sought and found his "friend." Several of the rescued passengers, saved from the water, but suffering from wounds, lay near him—two or three ladies, a whining old gentleman, a heroic little boy with a crushed hand, and two young men.

One of them, fearfully injured, expired on the spot.

"These," said Cecil Parnell, pointing to the body of the young man who had just died and to Harry Lester, "are my friends. Will you assist me in conveying them to a place where they can be better cared for?"

"This one is past that necessity," said a bystander, pityingly.

Cecil's voice took a tone of profound sorrow.

"I must not lose sight of his body," he said.

A physician had already examined Harry Lester's wound. It was not serious, he said—a mere scalp-wound; but the blow had stunned him, and he might be insensible for hours.

"Good," remarked Cecil Parnell to himself. "I guessed that was his condition. Now Heaven favor me further, and I will execute a pretty plot."

Cecil's magnanimity was waning. He was up to new mischief; he thought this was a providential offering of an opportunity.

(To be continued in our next. Commenced in No. 14.)

THE WHITE LADY;

on,

The Brierton Mystery.

CHAPTER XXXV.

THE WANDERER.

Banished from Brierton by a despotic decree which it was useless to resist, Major Chester took up his quarters in a neighboring town, with some dim idea that the old Squire might relent, and suffer his recall.

He could hardly believe his eyes when he read in the papers of Mr. de Lacy carrying his philanthropy so far as to take Wild Will's place in prison, and expose himself to the risk of severe punishment for his contempt of the law. But never having believed in the young man's guilt, he was only too pleased at his strange escape.

He smiled involuntarily as he pictured the old Squire's majestic benevolence when brought forward to answer for his fault.

"I know I have done wrong," Mr. de Lacy said when confronted with his judges; "but, somehow, I cannot believe the young man guilty; and, even if he were, a higher power than any I see here has said, 'Vengeance is mine. I will repay!' My unfortunate relative has another chance, Heaven be praised! and I am ready to accept all the consequences of my own act!"

What wonder that there was applause in court? What wonder that the judge was moved, and Madeleine smiling through her tears?

Shorn of his beautiful white hair, the old Squire was still dignified and imposing, although the picture wanted completeness to Major Chester's mind.

As for Wild Will, he had made the best of a good two hours' start, and had actually gone to Winstanley.

He only wanted a little liberty, he declared, just to see his child. After that, they might do with him as they would.

His reckless folly promised to nullify the sacrifice Mr. de Lacy had made on his behalf; for assuredly Dolly's father would denounce him directly he knew of his presence in Winstanley.

But then, as it happened, the old farmer did not recognize him again. The instinct of self-preservation, which causes us to struggle for the life which is valueless, had tempted Wild Will to sell his clothes, and substitute for them a laborer's smock.

This, and the black growth of beard, disguised him so completely, that he even worked on the farmer's land, and earned his day's bread painfully from him, without his having the faintest notion who he was harboring and helping.

Jock had recommended the engagement to his master, unconscious that he was breaking a solemn vow by so doing.

"There's a poor fellow in the village," he had said one morning, "who is well-nigh starving, and we want an extra hand, sir. It would be a real charity to give him a job!"

"As you like," the old farmer had answered; and so Wild Will had some light work assigned him, and bore with the unaccustomed toil because now and then he caught a glimpse of Dolly's child.

Little Dolly would stare at him blankly in passing; but she had her mother's eyes, and even when they found no smile for him, they were still sweet to see.

She was generally in her grandfather's arms, and never seemed so happy elsewhere. The old farmer would sit for hours on a sunny bank, with the sleeping face on his bosom, and never knew how the child's father, looking on, had yearned to press his lips to the velvet cheek, and claim his own.

But Wild Will remembered that, as an outcast and wanderer, he could give her no such care as she had lost, and stifled the inclination that urged him often to rob the old man of his only comfort.

"But I stole *his* child!" he thought; "and, therefore, I must leave him mine."

But once the old man put her gently down into the hedge, still asleep, whilst he went to the other end of the field; and then Wild Will drew near, lifted the shawl in which she was wrapped, and took his last look at Dolly's child.

If he left a tear on the unconscious face, who was the wiser? Not little Dolly, assuredly, for she still slept on.

A week later, he bade good-bye to England forever; and if he died unknown, unwept, in a foreign land, what mattered it to any one save himself?

Little Dolly did not realize his existence until she was a woman grown; for once, when she asked, timidly, if she had ever had a papa, the reply she received was not so encouraging that she cared to repeat the question. And so, naturally and gradually, his own prophecy was fulfilled, and he passed out of memory on passing out of sight.

But if a lonely exile, he had one comfort, even in his desolation. The world had exonerated him of the crime laid to his charge; and as for all the rest, Dolly knew, and that was enough.

The old Squire made the best of his time in prison, and soon he was respected by every warder and official within its gloomy walls. He was eager to leave, and yet unwilling. For he would wander to the door, as if longing to see the bolt withdrawn, and then suddenly return, seat himself, and shake his head dejectedly.

Madeleine was waiting joyfully for the hour of his release; but through her happiness there pierced a certain uneasiness, for she had never seen her father so strange before. She fancied that it must be the atmosphere of the prison that overcame him, and sighed in pure thankfulness when she heard the door open.

"The governor is waiting for you, sir," said the turnkey, respectfully.

Mr. de Lacy held out his hand to the kindly warder.

"Good-bye to you," he said. "And thank you for all your attention and kindness. We shall meet again soon."

"I hope so, sir," replied the turnkey, supremely unconscious of the cruelty of his own wish.

The interview with the governor was a mere formality; but Colonel Slade could not help saying that he thought Mr. de Lacy would do well for the future not to interfere between the law and its victims, especially where the punishment was so clearly just as in the case of the prisoner whom he had aided to escape.

"But I solemnly believe him to be innocent, Colonel Slade," was the firm reply.

"And I solemnly believe him to be guilty. He had a fair trial; the jury gave their verdict, and the judge concurred in it. I think, therefore, that, whatever your private convictions may have been, you were bound to respect their finding. What would become of the country if we all chose to hinder the law when it clashed with our own feelings?"

"What you say is perfectly just, Colonel Slade. At the same time, there has never been a moment I have been able to regret the service I did my unfortunate relative."

"Very well; then it is no use our discussing the question," he answered, rather severely. "Good morning, sir."

"Good morning."

And, bowing courteously, Mr. de Lacy went out.

Madeleine was waiting for him, and he took her arm tremulously.

The great door swung open before him, and the sunshine flooded in, bringing out all the lines and the withered grayness of his face, as if the shade had been a mask suddenly lifted.

There was liberty, light, happiness, all, beyond those gloomy portals; there was honor, comfort, peace; all this, one would have said, he had only to step out and take.

And still he paused, the line growing stronger, the pallor more fixed, the lips more tremulous.

"Papa," murmured Madeleine, "let us make haste."

"Yes, we will make haste," he answered, looking vaguely forward into the sunshine; and he tried to move his foot.

But it seemed as if the power had gone from him suddenly—as if his limbs were paralyzed. He had only to walk a few steps to be free, and those few steps were more difficult to pass than if an ocean rolled between him and the outer threshold, where the sun shone always, mocking him with its glare.

Twice, thrice, he essayed to pass the barrier, and twice, thrice, this invisible power held him back.

Madeleine watched him with shuddering suspense, for there was such an expression of horror and anguish in his eyes, that she seemed to know instinctively he was far worse than ill.

"The prison life has upset his brain," she thought. But even this suggestion did not explain everything, for surely there was some sign that his madness was over, and he was sane at last.

"Try again, dear papa," she said, soothingly; and lean quite on me; you know I am very strong."

With a desperate, wild effort, he made a step forward, and fell like a log at her very feet.

"Oh, papa!" cried poor Madeleine, kneeling down beside him; "what is it, dear?"

"It is the Almighty's vengeance come at last," he answered, with perfect calm. "Let them carry me back to my cell again."

"Oh, papa!"

"That is my only right place; I have no position among honest men. Let me confess and die!"

"Nay, father, if it must be so, confess, and live."

"Live to your shame, Madeleine? Do you know what you are talking about?"

"Yes, father, when people have sinned, they must live to repent and atone."

"I have repented and I will atone. Let them carry me back to my cell, and send for the governor."

He spoke sharply and excitedly, as if he almost feared his resolution might fail him even yet, but Madeleine would help him now.

She had no thought for her own suffering and shame; she only wanted him to clear his conscience of the terrible secret that weighed on his soul.

All the world might despise them, but what would that matter? Madeleine would even give up the hope she still cherished of being one day Major Chester's wife, rather than sacrifice her noble integrity, or her father's chance of pardon and peace.

Colonel Slade had not the heart to banish her, and she sat mute, white, stunned, whilst the old Squire stripped off the mask of hypocrisy he had worn so skilfully all these years, and showed himself in his true colors—passionate, avaricious, cruel—with only one tender spot in his hard heart, and that was his love for Madeleine.

Madeleine's mother had died of the shock of this discovery; but Mr. de Lacy had been more careful since not to have a confidant, even in his own household.

And then the mask grew to fit his face, until it grew a second nature to wear it; and he began to lose his own real self in the character he had assumed.

He loved praise and the respect of his fellow-men; but above all, he loved Madeleine.

Not so well as the gold he had hoarded up with miserly glee, and been ready to sin so horribly to increase; but, after this, and far before his best hopes.

"It was all for her," he said, "and she would never know that there was a red stain on its brightness. All for her—a great treasure—the more precious, that she had never suspected it; but his enemy should not share it with her. No, no! He was not such a fool as that!"

He had hated Major Chester from the first moment, and was glad to be able to deny him. He could make sure of Madeleine's obedience, and he should save the expense of a wedding just yet.

Miserable old man! He had well said once that the great curse of humanity was not death, but the greed of gold.

Madeleine was prepared for some terrible confession; but her expectations fell short of the reality, and life seemed almost to leave her as she listened. She had only one comfort in the world, and that was the sincerity of his repentance.

He made this confession of his own accord, terrible as the effort must have been, and even insisted upon repeating it before Major Chester and Captain Vane, as two men whom his silence had injured in an unequal degree.

It was in this way Madeleine was brought to realize the whole story. Mr. de Lacy had suggested that the young men should be telegraphed for to their club, where, he knew enough of their habits to believe, they were to be found, supposing they were in town; and, strange to say, they were both there when the summons arrived, and went together to the prison.

Captain Vane was perfectly unconscious; Major Chester suspected the truth, but was much too generous to show any triumph at his own sagacity, now that his enemy was down.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

WHICH CLEARS UP ALL SECRETS AND ALL DOUBTS.

Poor Madeleine dared not glance at her lover as he entered, so sure was she that he must guess something. For the girl had instinctively known that he and her father were antagonistic, and that this terrible confession coming would be less of a surprise to Major Chester than to any other creature living.

Captain Vane went up to the narrow pallet-bed on which the old Squire was lying, and held out his hand cordially.

"I am afraid you are ill," he said, gently. "Is it not so?"

Mr. de Lacy shrank away from the proffered civility, as he answered, "I am ill in mind."

"Is there nothing I can do?"

"Yes; you can promise to bear with me whilst I tell my tale. I will make it as short as I can."

The dreary desolation of his face, the hopeless accent, touched even Major Chester. He could afford to pity him now, he was so far down. It was only when he forgot to be humble that the other forgot to be merciful.

"Are you ready to listen to me?" the old Squire asked, with a certain impatience, as if he were anxious to have his painful task over.

"Yes," Captain Vane answered, still unsuspecting. "Go on."

"Where am I to begin?" and his hand went confusedly to his head. "Ah! I know. I will date my story from ten days before your arrival in Brierton. Winifred was staying with us. She had herself solicited an invitation—I had not asked her—I declare I had not asked her!" he said, dwelling on this fact, as if it were some palliation of his crime. "I even longed to avoid the temptation if I could."

"What temptation?" Captain Vane asked.

"The temptation of realizing her wealth, and not robbing her?"

"Good heavens!"

"Ah, you may well cry out!" answered the old Squire, locking at him strangely. "It was terrible! I fought with the demon that assailed me until I had no strength left, and then I fell. It came about in this way. That evening, before you were expected, Winifred came to my study, beaming over with happiness and delight.

"'Uncle!' she said (she always called me uncle), I want you to do me a favor—a very great favor, if you please. Paul is coming here to-morrow, and I know as well as possible that he will get some ridiculous ideas into his head about my fortune, because it is larger than his. So I tell you what I mean to do. I mean to divide it into two parts, keep one, and send the other anonymously to him. I have already prepared my agent for this, by saying that I have a good investment for it, and now I want to know how it is to be managed without his suspecting.'

"The demon within me suggested my answer with wonderful promptitude.

"'I can easily arrange that for you. Make the check payable to me, and I will send it to my bankers, and get you a draft in their name, which he cannot possibly trace home. It is a large London house, having dealings all over the world, and such a transaction would not appear remarkable to them. But, stop, I have thought of a better plan. Supposing you transfer a certain number of shares to me, let me sell them out in your name, and convert them into money, which I can then dispose of according to your wishes. That would be a quieter way of managing the business, after all.'

"Winifred at once consented.

"'He mustn't guess, that is all.'

"'There's no fear of that,' I said. 'I will go up to town to-morrow, and do everything you require. I think you will be satisfied with the result when I return at night.'

"She ran off eagerly to get the necessary documents, and threw them into my lap, with a joyful air.

"'I would give him every farthing of my fortune, if I dared,' she said, 'for I love him a thousand times better than all the gold that was ever coined!'"

A groan he could not suppress burst from Captain Vane's lips, and then mastering himself, he exclaimed, "Go on!—go on!"

"Can't you guess the rest? The temptation was too terrible. The gold she despised I loved better than life, and when once it had been in my possession I could not part with it again. Do you understand now?"

"You killed her that you might keep it?"

"I tried to resist—on my honor, I tried to resist!" cried the miserable man. "I even hid it away that it might not glamour, but the demon made it glitter so brightly somehow, and—and—"

"Go on, I tell you!" said Captain Vane, hoarsely.

"I crept after her that morning. I had been trying before, but I had not the heart," he continued, brokenly. "Her back was toward me—I could not see her eyes—I gave her a push. She caught wildly at my coat to save herself—we were face to face—and my heart failed me!"

"Enough!" said Captain Vane, with fierce sorrow. "I know the rest! It was you stole from me the fragment I had so carefully preserved, inveigling me into your house for that very purpose. It was you who put the coat amongst Wild Will's things, trusting to his careless, reckless ways to aid your unholy plot, and then you frightened him suddenly away to give color to the suspicions you know I already entertained."

"Yes, I did all this," answered the old Squire, humbly, "for the sake of that cursed gold!"

"Then, God forgive you, for I never can! Oh, my darling!—my darling!"

And, in spite of his manhood, he covered his face, and sobbed aloud.

Madeleine stole round to him, and put her head gently on his arm.

"Captain Vane, I love Winifred, too."

"You *loved* her, Madeleine, you mean."

"No; I love her! But my father shall tell you; perhaps hearing this from his lips may make you pardon him, in spite of all—"

Captain Vane lifted his haggard, hopeless face, and looked toward the old Squire.

"What more have you to tell me?" he said, wearily.

"Winifred is alive."

He stared at him incredulously, and then he laughed a bitter, dreary laugh.

"Another Winifred; not mine?"

"Yes, yours. I told you that I had not heart enough for my evil task. When she looked me in the face with her innocent, reproachful eyes, as she struggled wildly to free herself from my grasp, my courage ebbed away, and I knew I must spare her. Do you understand me?"

"Yes," answered Captain Vane, with shuddering repulsion; "you allowed her to live on certain conditions."

"She was to be dead in law—dead to all the world except me."

"And she consented?"

"Thankfully. A boat was moored close to the bank—it was always there, then. I lifted her into this, and rowed her swiftly down the river. It was quite dark when we landed at Deersgate, and I bought her a cloak, bonnet and veil that would serve as a disguise; and then I took her on board the steamer that was just leaving for France, and never let her out of sight for a minute until we reached Dixreuil, about noon the next day. I chose this place, because I knew some one there I could trust—an old woman, who loved gold almost as dearly as I did, and would be ready to obey me without question or comment, if I only paid her well. She died in three weeks; but faithful to the solemn oath she had given me in return for her life, Winifred made no effort to escape: she simply replaced her by an old servant of her own, and was too glad of the substitute to give me any warning."

"It was a clever fraud, and terribly ingenious," said Major Chester; "but you must have suffered exceedingly."

"I have died daily ever since," replied the old man, with a look there was no mistaking. "At any moment she might have broken her vow, and come forward to denounce me. I had hurried these matters as much as possible."

"You knew you were safe with Winifred," Captain Vane said.

"I believed I was; but do you suppose I have not suffered all this while? There were times when the burden of my sin, and the fear of detection, were so terrible that I should have been only too thankful to die; and I had my one wish—and that was to marry you to my daughter, that, in case of any discovery, you might be silent for her sake."

"And it was Winifred I saw at Dixreuil?" Captain Vane said, with a dawning conviction of the truth.

"Yes. I thought she would be safe there, but I did not mean she should live with Manon, and never guessed this until I heard it from you. You may remember how terrified I was when you spoke of the White Lady of Dixreuil? Major Chester, who had always suspected me, followed, but I had a good start, and when he arrived in Dixreuil, Winifred was already gone, and I could afford to defy him."

"And where is she now?" Captain Vane asked.

The sudden revulsion of feeling, the new hope, where no hope had been, had rendered him speechless before.

"Wait a moment, and let him answer me a question first," said Major Chester, sternly. "Did you restore the money you had stolen to the unhappy girl?"

The old Squire hid his head.

"I gave her enough——"

"But it was all hers. Did you return all?"

A flush of resentment brightened up the withered, gray face.

"Was I to have nothing after all I had gone through?"

"I see. You need tell me no more," Major Chester said, turning from him with infinite disgust. 'Your life, of late, has been one long lie, and one long crime. How horribly you must have suffered!" he added with involuntary compassion. "I can picture no life more terrible than the one to which you condemned yourself through your miserable greed and avarice. Not a second was clear from the risk of detection. Every sudden step must have sounded like the coming of the Avenger; and at any minute an accident might defeat all your well-laid plans, and expose you to the world in the hideous reality of your guilt. You must have groaned within yourself, it seems to me, when you heard men's praise, and shuddered at your daughter's faith—even at the pure touch of her innocent lips. And you played your part well. Even I, suspecting you often, was rarely sure for more than a minute at a time."

"And yet," Mr. de Lacy, said, "there was a point beyond which I was not allowed to go to make my villainy successful. I had not heart enough to complete a task well conceived and begun. Everything worked into my hand, except that first moment when Captain Vane, with prophetic instinct, rose up on his sick-bed to denounce me; but it was too feeble, at least to hold the power so lavishly bestowed. I saved Winifred—I saved Wild Will. If both had been dead now, men would have called me a saint, and I should have died beloved and honored in my daughter's arms. But the fault was in myself, somewhere. I always failed at the supreme moment, through some want I cannot explain. Even when I left Brierton to avoid you, something—I cannot tell what—brought me back."

"It was the Divine hand that stayed you in your evil course," Major Chester, said.

"I know that *now*. What earthly power could have kept me from crossing the threshold of my prison into the light and happiness awaiting me there? What earthly power could have sapped my strength, and withered my limbs, just when I needed only one minute of ordinary health to make my triumph complete? I recognized the Divine hand then; I recognize it still, and bow humbly, praying for the pardon I have not deserved."

There was a moment's pause, broken only by Madeleine's faint, hopeless sobs, and then he handed a slip of paper to Captain Vane.

"There is Winifred's address," he observed. "I have nothing more to say."

He seemed to lose, then, all recollection of what he had been telling and doing; for, pointing to his paralyzed feet, he remarked, with his old courtesy, and even smiling faintly, "You will excuse my rising, gentlemen. I shall never walk again, I fancy—never; and I am an old man—an old man, gentlemen. I have no reason to complain. Madeleine, my dear love, kindly see those gentlemen to the door."

And from that time his mind gradually decayed, and he became as a child, gentle, trusting, tender, with no trace, as it seemed, of the secret crimes that had disfigured his stronger days.

He remembered nothing now, and only recognized Madeleine. When Winifred, out of her true womanly pity for him, and sisterly love for Madeleine, came to see him in his prison, and assure him of her forgiveness, he did not know her, and apologized, formally and graciously, for the poor place in which he was compelled to receive her ladyship.

But he died in Madeleine's arms, passing away as gently as a child falling asleep; and his last words were, "The sun is shining very brightly outside, Madeleine, love. We will go now."

He groped for her hand, and, with a glad smile, fell back on the pillow, dead.

* * * * * * *

"Nurse, dear, I feel as if something very wonderful was going to happen to-day."

"What should happen, my pretty?" said old Manon, who, with wonderful fidelity, and through all trials, discouragements, and tyranny, had followed her young mistress, step by step, slowly and painfully, to this secluded village on the borders of England, and defied her to send her away again. "What should happen unless you are going to make another strange journey?"

"Hush, Manon! You knew I went to Brierton. I had such a longing, I could not conquer it, and, as *he* was in prison, I thought I might manage it with caution. But I shall never go again. It only weakens my courage and endurance to court these reminiscences. I have suffered so much, that I need peace now."

"Ah, poor heart!" sighed the old woman; "any one may see that."

Manon did not know the whole truth, but she knew enough to understand that her dear child had been cruelly ill-used. If she had been told more of her Winifred's story, she would have taken the law into her hands, and, instead of concealing Winifred's presence in the old chateau from Captain Vane, would have boldly courted scrutiny, for she had not that shrinking conscientiousness and sensitive integrity which made poor Winifred respect the oath that had been extorted from her by the fear of death.

So Manon, looking into the quiet village street, and over the bleak common, which, day after day, week after week, no strange foot ever invaded, added with indulgent irony, "My dear, what could happen here?"

"Nothing," said Winifred—"of course—at least—"

She never finished her sentence; for just then a tall shadow darkened across the pane—and she hardly knew how it came about, but presently she found herself in Captain Vane's arms, with her white cheek on his breast, and her lips mute under his kiss.

And then, the first rapture over, he told her everything; and she, in her turn, filled up those small gaps in the narrative the old Squire was unable to clear.

Manon, on returning from her sad journey to Winstanley with poor Dolly's remains, had found her little bird flown, and had traced her carefully to her present retreat.

"And to have been parted from you without hope, Paul, was so terrible!" she murmured from the shelter of his arms.

"But I have seen you twice, darling."

"I have never seen you. I must have forgotten my oath if I had, I loved you so dearly! I knew nothing—I saw nothing, in my lonely French prison. How should I? The legend of the White Lady made it possible for me to wander about the ruins sometimes at night; but even this I did in fear and trembling, for I knew that if my enemy knew of it he would nerve his arm, and strike the blow I had so narrowly escaped before! He was so terrible to me, that every thought of him took away all my courage for resistance, and made me succumb meekly to the evil power that was sapping my very life!"

"But, Winifred, an oath like that was not binding."

"Perhaps not," she said, wearily; "but I tell you I was afraid! It seemed to me that he could reach me anywhere; and then I was so altered, that I believed what he told me—that it would be impossible to prove my identity. And then—"

"Go on, my dearest!"

"I thought you were beginning to love Madeleine. He told me that your wedding-day was even fixed, and I feared to be in your way. I loved you better than myself, Paul; and if you could be happier without me, I was satisfied that you should believe me dead!"

"Foolish Winifred!" he answered, reproachfully. "You ought to have known me better than that."

"I was so miserable, Paul! I often wonder now how it was that I managed to live on; but I suppose there was a faint, unacknowledged hope in my heart that we should meet again, and that sustained me. But, see!" and she held up her face to the light; "they might well call me the White Lady. I have never had the faintest trace of color since that terrible hour," she continued, shuddering convulsively, "when I found myself struggling wildly for life on the river's brink!"

"Don't talk of these things, my darling!" he murmured, clasping her close against his throbbing heart. "We shall see the roses come back again into those fair, soft cheeks!"

"Never! You must make up your mind to a White Lady, now and always. The shock and wild horror of that moment froze all the blood in my veins, and left me, as you see now—"

"More lovely than ever!" he answered, rapturously. "Have I not always preferred the lily to the rose?"

She laid her head down again on his breast, smiling in perfect peace and happiness; and then, presently, she said, "Paul, dear, I have one favor to ask."

"It is already granted."

"Manon must never leave us. You owe your wife to her, for if she had not been by to comfort and strengthen me, I should have succumbed. If you love me, you must needs like her."

Captain Vane astonished old Manon by darting suddenly into the little kitchen, seizing her round the waist, and kissing her heartily on both of her apple-red cheeks, in true foreign fashion; and would not go back to Winifred without the old woman's promise that she would never leave them until she was carried to the grave.

And so old Manon nurses Winifred's little ones, as she nursed Winifred herself; and although she concedes that the little Chesters are fine children enough, she will not allow that they in the smallest degree come up to Winifred's, who are just the most wonderful, intelligent, charming little creatures ever born into the world.

For Major Chester did marry Madeleine. He was a true-hearted man; and although for a moment he thought it impossible to take for his wife the daughter of the old Squire, as he became more accustomed to the sin of the one, he seemed to realize better by contrast the perfect purity, the noble, faithful nature of the other, and Madeleine became to him dearer than ever.

For awhile she refused him steadily, unwilling that he should have any part in her shame; but when she found that he was not only in earnest, but that the whole happiness of his life depended upon her acceptance, she gave in, and had no reason ever to repent her concession, for we doubt if there is a happier wife in England than Madeleine, unless it be Winifred Vane, or the White Lady, as her children like to call her as they lift loving lips to touch the pure, soft pallor of her cheeks.

The old farmer is happy in the new Dolly, that takes so well the place of the old in his heart and thoughts, he scarcely realizes any other now.

His two daughters are married, but Carrie, with her characteristic caution, pays him periodical visits, just to remind him that he has other grandchildren beside Dolly—for fear the old man should make any omission in his will. And the poor father, in his distant exile—who thinks of him?

Not his child: she is only reminded of his existence when Madeleine, faithful to her promise, speaks of him to her; but the White Lady sometimes murmurs compassionately, as she looks at her bright hearth, "Poor Will! my happiness seems like a wrong done to him, for if I had known what was going on, I could have spoken, and Dolly need not have died, and he might have been amongst us now."

"Nay, dear wife," Captain Vane answers, softly; "we may be sure it is all for the best. Dolly is at peace, and, may be, her death made an honest, true man out of a reckless spendthrift. No lesser sacrifice could have taught him; and so, perhaps, Dolly, who is so much wiser than us, rejoices up there, where she waited for you that night to point her the way."

"And where I pray, Paul, we may all follow, in due time," answered the White Lady, as she wiped away the tears that were falling softly from her beautiful eyes.

THE END.

A HIDDEN WRONG;

on,

Too Trusting and Too Fair.

BY MRS. ELIZABETH MORRISON.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

MARIAN'S PROGRESS AS SALESWOMAN.

Whenever Marian came home early it was either to find her mother absent, and her brother left alone, or to see Mrs. Blanchard's carriage just driving away from their door.

"The woman haunts the place," she thought to herself, gloomily; "mother sinks daily more and more under her influence, and has even ceased to think of poor dear Lucy except in accordance with Mrs. Blanchard's directions. What can be the reason that she either comes here, or sends for my mother daily. I wonder if Allan has taken notice of it, or if he too is bought over by her wicked gold?"

She had returned from her business to find the sitting-room empty, and was ascending the stairs as she thus soliloquized, Allan sat up in his father's old easy-chair, and looked brighter than she had seen him for many a day.

"I shall soon be down-stairs, Marian," said he. "I am nearly well again, you see."

"Yes, and I'm glad of it, Allan," his sister returned, cheerily, as she sat down beside him to rest a few moments before she began the preparation of supper. "I hope you'll soon be strong enough to go back to college, and go on with your studies."

"No, no!" he cried, shaking his head, while a warm flush shot all over his pale face. "I've been too careless of your struggles, too ready to accept your sacrifices already, Marian; but that's over now, I'm going to work like a man to help along with the expenses, and if by and by I can save enough to pay our way, while I continue my education, then I'll do it; but I'm never going to make slaves of my sisters again."

Tears rushed into Marian's eyes as she heard her dear brother speak thus nobly; she could only press his hand tenderly and stooping, kiss his wasted brow.

"Poor Lucy," he said in a very low voice. "Oh, Marian, I have heard her crying all alone at night, when every one else in the house was still, and the sound of her sobs seemed to wake me from a selfish dream. Something troubled her, she had some heavy sorrow that she would not let any one help her to share. I have thought about it a great deal, and the more I thought the more uncomfortable it has made me. If it hadn't been for the expense of my education, Lucy never need have gone to New York, and it was there that she seemed to change so, she was never the same after her return, you know."

Marian did not know how to answer; she tried to say that poor dear Lucy was not strong enough to endure much worry or trouble, when Allan interrupted her by asking abruptly—

"Where is she now, Marian?"

Poor Marian; the same question echoed through her own aching heart continually, until at times her life was almost too heavily burdened to be borne by the dread weight of that unanswered question.

She made an effort to speak, because she saw that Allan's interest was keenly roused, and might soon become suspicion.

"Mrs. Blanchard tells mother that it was best for her to go back to New York," she said faintly, but Allan interrupted her.

"I don't want to know what Mrs. Blanchard says, I think we have too much of her here, Marian. Ever since I was sick I feel different, my eyes seem to have opened to things I never saw before, and they've opened to that woman so much that I don't like to see her. She comes here too often."

Marian thoroughly agreed with her brother; but she knew also that knowledge was not always happiness, so she did her best to keep him from seeing too much.

"She is an old neighbor, you know, Allan," she began, but he broke in impatiently—

"Oh, yes, I hear that often enough from mother, but it does not explain everything that I see and suspect. Why should mother abuse poor Eugene as she does?" he continued. "I don't believe a word of the story his mother tells against him; an unnatural mother she must be to start such a tale, even if it were ever so true!"

His sister bit her trembling lips, this subject was too near her heart to allow her to speak calmly, and so she was forced to be silent while she strove for composure.

Not suspecting her emotion, Allan went on.

"He was always frank and generous with me, only he never would talk about his home, or say what he intended to do in the future. I don't believe he could have been happy with such parents. Why, Marian, are you crying?"

"No, no, Allan dear, I am only a little tired," his sister answered hastily. "I need a cup of tea, I think. I am rather tired to-night, and that will refresh me. Mother will soon return, I'll go down and have supper ready when she comes."

As she descended the stairs, the image of her lost lover went with her, recalled in all the loneliness and desolation of his loveless home-life by her brother's words.

She thought of him in the years that had passed before they met, a wronged and isolated child without sympathy or care, growing to manhood in the midst of mocking luxury, with a gnawing hunger at his poor young heart that asked in vain for love. She knew that his rare gifts and noble talents had been stunted and half crushed by the dreary weight of those leaden years, and recognizing the strength and beauty of the dormant soul she tried to awaken to its higher life, had learned to love the artist with all the deep, earnest ardor of her own strong nature, even before she dreamed of acknowledging the feeling to herself.

When they daily grew to understand each other, and long before spoken words had bound their hearts together, she saw with joy unutterable that she was beloved,

and learned from that moment to cherish her own passion with quiet rapture.

But her sister's sorrow had parted them. Marian would not have confessed to herself that Lucy's miserable story was allied to shame, but instinctively she acknowledged that it made a chasm between Eugene and her, even if his mother had never widened the gulf by her threats, and stood between her and her hope like a Nemesis.

Eugene's ideal of womanly purity was lofty in the extreme; she had seen him shudder at the possible taint of dishonor touching any one he had ever known, and she resolved within herself that her poor sister's misfortunes should never jar his sensitive soul.

Yet she suffered, oh, how keenly, to think of him wandering, she knew not whither, defamed by those who had injured him, and uncheered by her whose love would have gladly suffered death for his sake.

Her mother came in upon her revery with a stealthy step, and making no allusion to her absence, began to talk about indifferent things.

"Allan's getting better fast, and we must soon hear from Lucy now," she said, with affected cheerfulness. "Mrs. Blanchard says it will be a great thing for her to have had a little more experience there, it will keep her from getting homesick, and coming home in such a hurry as she did before."

"Mrs. Blanchard knows nothing about Lucy, or indeed about any of us, how should she?" Marian asked, with some asperity of manner.

"Of course she knows," cried her mother, "she knew that you disagreed with the costumer and went to find another place, and all that. Lucy told her; she must have done so."

"Lucy did not utter a word," Marian began, and then she stopped; there was no use in talking to her mother about such things, Mrs. Blanchard had evidently got complete possession of her mind.

Marian was always anxious, but her mother's repeated absences rendered her more so.

What use could Mrs. Blanchard make of her, except that of a spy, and who was there to be tracked or watched save Eugene?

The idea of her mother stooping to so low a business filled her with a sort of shuddering horror, but her filial duty taught her to believe that the good woman was deceived and misled in such work, and that Mrs. Blanchard possessed both means and cunning to blind her less acute neighbor's eyes.

From the time that this doubt or suspicion entered Marian's mind, she moved under an added load of trouble, and her threefold care weighed her heavily.

First in rank was her anxiety for her poor lost sister. Her loyal heart placed that care and pain in advance of all the rest.

Then came her deep, deep sorrow for her severed love, that silent, cankering wound that ached in her heart's core; and then the pervading uneasiness about her mother's connection with the woman who seemed to her the embodied source of all distress and misery.

She was not without other sources of annoyance.

Her business suited her only in the amount of its salary, which made life at home easier, and enabled her to aid her brother's slow recovery by medicines and strengthening food.

Its associations, and some of its duties were most repellant to her, for she was naturally refined and gentle, and the coarse familiarity of Miss Gimper and her employer were a source of constant annoyance to her.

She soon learned what was required of her to do, and at first determined to leave the store, rather than stoop to the bold coquetry and fascinating arts she was expected to practice on male customers.

Necessity was a strong check on her impulse, however, and she remained, endeavoring to transform the familiar bearing of the gentlemen toward her by her own respectful but distant manner to them.

Miss Gimper was indignant and derisive. She called her a "prim fool" and a "squeamish idiot," together with many stronger epithets expressive of her disgust and displeasure.

One gentleman in particular, a large showy man, with a made-up face and figure, and a bold and familiarly encroaching manner that would not be subdued, devoted himself exclusively to her, to her great humiliation and distress.

He seemed to have been a favorite of Miss Gimper, but deserted her counter to buy from Marian on the very first day of her appearance at Pandar's store.

He addressed her with exaggerated compliments, and seemed bent on charming her to the utmost of his detestable powers, but the poor girl shrank from him at his first word and refused to serve him in downright words.

"He is insultingly bold and disagreeable," she told Miss Gimper, when that lady remonstrated with her and used the terms above quoted. "I am willing to do any amount of work, but I cannot bear that man's near presence, every feeling in my nature rebels against it."

"Work!" echoed Miss Gimper; "you're always talking about work, and it shows what a fool you are; can't you see that you've only got to use those geese of men to be able to do without work altogether?"

"Hush, my dears, don't quarrel," interrupted Mr. Pandar, pacifically, and Marian saw him wink hard at Miss Gimper in a warning manner. "Everything comes right when people are used to it; there's no hurry, no hurry."

"But the girl must not be such a contemptible dunce," cried Miss Gimper, savagely; "she's driving half the fellows out of their wits with her airs and graces, and it won't last, you see if it will, the game will break up by and by, and then where will your custom be, I say, Pandar?"

The storekeeper laughed.

"You're jealous, Gimper," he said, jocosely, "the girl's coyness takes splendidly, and I half believe the shy dodge is the best thing after all. Business is first-rate, and I haven't a complaint to make, ha, ha!"

The woman growled discontentedly, and it being late and the store already closed, Marian put on her street things and took her leave in silence.

To her surprise and indignation, she found herself joined at the street-corner by the obnoxious customer, against whom she had just been protesting, who said to her in his most swaggering way—

"So much beauty should not walk unattended; I place myself at your service as an escort, my pretty one."

"Thank you, if you mean the attention kindly," Marian returned; "but I do not need anyone's company—and had much rather be alone."

She had heard Miss Gimper call the man Velour, but preferred not to name him, or appear at all familiar with him in any way.

Her tone had been decided; and she walked forward at a brisk pace, which he endeavored to keep up with, talking all the way, in a style of verbose compliment.

Presently she espied, to her surprise, the dainty figure of Mrs. Blanchard, at the opposite street-corner, just about to cross, but pausing to look around on all sides, as if expecting to see some one approach.

At sight of Marian she came forward, proving, by her manner, that it had been her she waited for, and at the same moment Mr. Velour disappeared somewhat precipitately from the young girl's side.

As Mrs. Blanchard drew nearer, Marian recognized a set purpose in her face, and stood still to be addressed.

"I have but one moment to spare," said the lady, breathlessly, "but that one must not be wasted. I have a question to ask, and I want a straight answer. Do you know a man called Heatherton—is he acting in concert with you—and what does he want?"

Marian looked at her steadily, and answered all three queries at once.

"I don't know what you mean," she said, coldly.

"Then he is not a friend of yours?" demanded the other, eagerly.

By this time the name had connected itself with the young doctor, who had been so devotedly kind to her brother, and who had positively refused to receive pay for his services; and Marian's expression changed.

"Now that I remember, I do know such a gentleman," she said, "but I do not understand anything you say in connection with him."

"You do know him!" cried Mrs. Blanchard, with a startled air, "then you are set upon some mischief together, and your fellow-plotter has betrayed you. Girl, I warn you, beware how you dare to brave me. I have the power to sweep you and all belonging to you, out of my path like straws; ayo, and I will do it if you attempt to break our compact."

Marian was white with anger and excitement; since she had last met this woman in the street, and signed her heart's doom, to save Lucy from her clutches, she had borne much from the evil influence with which she swayed the household. It all seemed to gather and culminate in this last wicked threat, and her courage and indignation rose above her caution, so that she defied Mrs. Blanchard to her face.

"I don't fear you, and I will not heed you," she said, in a low, concentrated tone. "You made me a coward when I feared your power to harm my dear sister; you have exhausted that—you've driven her from our home; and the dear and merciful Father, to whom I continually pray for her, only knows where she may be wandering at this moment. You have done your worst—and now I laugh at your further threats. You have gone too far, and your malice ceases to appall me."

"You dare to brave me, then?"

"I only wish to be out of your sight—out of the memory of your existence," Marian said more quietly; "let me pass. I desire to go home."

"Go," said the other, after making a few half-intelligible exclamations of anger. "Go, we'll meet again soon enough—and you shall feel the power you defy!"

She stood looking after Marian, as she passed quickly on her way, and muttered between her clenched teeth—

"I had it my own way till that girl's eyes looked into my secret; since then a thousand spies seem set upon me; there are eyes in the air, ears in the walls—and my life is a torment! But I'll crush her, for her prying, and for the harm she did in setting that lion's cub, Eugene, upon my track."

CHAPTER XXIX.

THE TRAP-DOOR.

Molly Dance was certainly better, but her devoted young nurse, little Pat, was not quite satisfied with her progress.

"She's got red in her cheeks," he thought to himself, as he summed up the different signs of her recovery, "her voice is stronger, and she walks about a good deal, but I'm afraid she's in a fever most of the time, and she's so restless that she can't sit still."

There was another subject for uneasiness in the boy's mind.

He knew nothing about conscience, but still he had strong affections, and these latter had been won by Marian Barton in favor of her poor sister.

For the sake of the fondness he felt for the young girl—who, to his poor ignorant mind, seemed the nicest one he had ever known, and even superior to Moll herself in some points, though he didn't like her any better—he had determined to do his best to save her poor sister from the contamination of his own evil life, and a second time restore her to her friends.

The one he had most relied on to help him in this project, was Molly herself—and she seemed unaccountably slow to interest in it.

To be sure she listened eagerly to all he told her, and gave unmistakable signs of sympathy with the narration, but he had seen her agree to help Jim and old Meg Worthy in their plot, which was the very way to ruin his plans for the girl's escape. Beside, she refused to listen to him when he complained of her coldness in the affair.

"Oh, don't bother me," was her unsatisfactory rejoinder to his appeals. "I've enough to think of, and I'll do my best, that's all I have to say."

They were together in the same room in which Jim had paid his last visit, two or three mornings after her agreement to see and train the girl Lucy, and Pat had ventured, despite Moll's evident objection to conversing on the subject, to say that he hoped the poor girl had got off somehow.

"They'd have been down here before this, I guess, if something hadn't happened to her," he remarked.

To which Molly rejoined in a muttered way—

"No, no, she's there safe enough, never fear."

When suddenly the unmistakable tramp of Jim's boots in the bare old hall announced his approach.

"Drop down the trap, Pat!" cried Moll in a breathless whisper, and quick as lightning the boy raised a door in the corner of the room's flooring, and slipped beneath it, only partly closing it over his head.

With a motion of her foot, Molly adjusted the carpet that lay loosely over it, and threw herself into the great cushioned chair directly in front of the aperture.

She had scarcely done so ere the knob rattled as Jim's usual prelude to entering, and the housebreaker stood before her, mopping his face with a flowered handkerchief, and displaying other signs of weariness.

"You look warm for a cold day," Molly said.

"Why, yes, I've had a run for it, and I'm about sick of the job. That Velour, your old pal, needs watching, and Meg keeps me pretty well on his track, till I'm near run off my pegs dodging him."

Molly gave a short, contemptuous laugh.

"Did you ever trust him?" she asked. "The more fool you, then, that's all I can say."

"Trust him:" returned the man. "Why, no; but we're on the same job, and that makes us partners, you know, or it ought to. Meg and him agreed about this Lucy, and he brought her to the house all right; but she couldn't get him something that he was after in the way of a paper, and so he let himself out like a fool, and the game's all up there. The girl actually believed in him, considered him a sort of persecuted angel, till he tore off his own mask in a rage; and since she's found him out, she hasn't spoke a word, but just sits and thinks and stares, as Meg says."

Molly listened to this with breathless interest.

"Do you follow Velour because he let the girl see his real character?" she asked, gravely, and watched him as he replied in a rather shuffling manner, and with a somewhat awkward laugh.

"Why, no, of course not; I'm after Velour because he's after what I want, and if I can get ahead of a selfish devil like him, that never did a pal a kindness in all his villainous life, why I'm bound to do it."

"But I thought you were on a different scent, something for which this girl was to be trained to act?"

"How sharp you are, Moll," said Jim, resticatly; "how you pin a fellow down. But there's no split in you, old gal, so I'll tell you. I'm after money, not a purse full, nor a closet full of silver, nor any small haul to be got away with in a few months' living, but a good big lot, that I can retire on, and let the trade go to thunder."

"Oh, ho!" said Moll, and again she laughed contemptuously. "Going to turn respectable, are you, Jim?"

"Who's a better right, if I can get the shiners, and I think I can, too? All I want is a bit of paper with precious writing on it. I've been after it close for a long time, and when Velour got mad and blowed on himself, I found that he was on the same lay. So I've been watching him." And Jim wiped his perspiring face once more.

"But you said that Meg started you," Moll said. "Tots is your business, not Meg's."

"Yes, but I didn't mean to tell you the truth at first; that's why I named the old woman."

Moll remained silent, as if in thought, for a moment or two, and then she said:

"Tell me the truth again. What was Ralph after? Was it the paper that took him away from Lucy and Todd's crib?"

"Why, no," replied Jim with a laugh, "'twas a pretty girl in a swell store uptown. The fool's always going off about some beauty or other, and this time I'm glad of it, for it settles my mind about his getting ahead of me in that paper business."

"Hush," said Moll in a hoarse and agitated tone, "here's Meg and the girl;" and as she spoke, they entered the room together.

They had evidently ridden from their place thither, for the carriage wheels still grated on the street stones as the vehicle departed, yet the young girl trembled as if from excessive fatigue, and sank into the seat indicated by Mrs. Worthy without a word.

"She's delicate, Molly, my dear, but Jim and me think that's in her favor, as a countess or one of the aristocracy of a foreign land," laughed Mrs. Worthy. "She's as pretty as ever, ain't she? And she's just as willing to learn as any one can be, ain't you, my pet?"

Lucy, for it was indeed Marian Barton's unfortunate sister, turned and gave her a long, wild stare, and then nodded her head rapidly.

"Yes, I told you so; and now, Molly, all you have to do is to give instructions in the tricks you're up to, and then we're all right, ain't we, my beauty?"

This second appeal to the girl elicited only a short, quick, mirthless laugh, at the sound of which Pat, regardless of consequences, thrust his head up a little, and under cover of Molly's skirt peered out upon the scene with curious eyes.

The change he beheld in the young girl, in whom his warmest interest settled, smote his young heart most painfully.

Her complexion seemed to have become actually marble in its cold whiteness, and her large eyes burned with a strange, weird brightness, while her pale and delicate lips moved incessantly, with a tremulous thrill that suggested a spasm of fear.

Pat was a sharp boy, whose eyes had served him well in many places, and as they rested now on poor Lucy, the sight conveyed a sense of distress and sorrow to his melting heart.

"Poor young soul, they're just a-going to drive her crazy, that's what they're up to," he thought; "don't I see that there redness in her eyes, that them lunatics has over at the 'Insane Hospital,' and it's a murdering shame, so it is!"

Here he experienced so much difficulty in restraining a disposition to blubber, that he was obliged to drop down on the low platform that formed the first means of descent into the cellar beneath the trap. Meantime, Mrs. Meg Worthy in a confidential tone was saying to her hostess—

"It's only fair, Moll, that you should know the whole game, so I'll give it to you in a nutshell. There's a big lot of diamonds gone from New York to Washington to be put on sale there. Real first water stones with no flaws, and plain setting as is all the go now. They're what we are after, we've got a bid for 'em in Holland now, and an agent in New Orleans ready to take 'em, and sail the hour they're put in his hands. Money down is the rule and no risk, so the thing is how to get at 'em. That's our go. Lucy here's to be a Russian countess, look at her, and fancy her in full togs, and then say if she isn't the real dodge! Light hair and straight features, a perfect picture, and we have the names and papers all correct. Jim's her brother-in-law in uniform, he's learnt his part, sort of gruff and pompous. Oh, Jim will do it like winking, and I'm sure they're both bound to pull through, and bring the swag with them. They stop at a swell hotel, where a servant goes before 'em, and fixes a writer's desk against the countess' wall. There's to be a hole in the back of this fixin', and they must drill one through the wall into the next room, so that they can push anything from room to room, unseen, by that way. When they're all settled, the countess drives out in flash style, and stops at the jewellers. Calls for diamonds, and is pleased with 'em. Almost draws a check for the amount, but takes another thought, and proposes that the clerk shall carry them to her room, for her brother-in-law—the general's, opinion; he does so and she rings, and sends for the general, who is engaged, but will soon come to her. She holds the jewels in her hand, but being obliged to leave the room for a few moments, she places them in the desk, looks it and gives the clerk the key to keep in case of accident. Soon after she is seen to hurry, fully disguised, down the back stairway, and join the general who waits in a close carriage in the back street. To drive off to the most out-of-the-way crib we have there, change clothes, and get back to town separately, when Lucy returns here, and Jim carries the pretty things down to New Orleans, isn't very hard work: and that's all there is to be done to make the job complete."

Mrs. Worthy paused, and looked triumphantly round on her auditors.

"That's what I call a noble plant!" said she, and unable to listen to any more, Pat slipped off the platform down on to the soft, smooth floor of the cellar, where piles and packages of multifarious goods, showed it to be the thieves' warehouse, richly stored with spoils.

This underground apartment had no outlet by which it was connected with the common cellar of the house, but was so arranged as to defy search by any one unacquainted with the secrets of the place.

Pat fortunately for himself knew all about them, and getting on his hands and knees, after reaching the corner of the cellar, he pushed aside some loose bricks, and crawled through the aperture thus formed, out into the weeds that bordered the green and slimy paving of the low back yard.

Gaining his feet, the little fellow scrambled over the high fence like a rat, and alighting on his feet like that animal in the alley, ran off, apparently urged by the exciting nature of the conversation he had listened to, to put as great a distance as possible between himself and the scene of it.

Thus it happened that when he paused to take breath, he found himself in the immediate neighborhood of a fashionable square, and recognized the figure of a gentleman, who was walking slowly before him, as that of the handsome and stylish youth to whom he had told such false and foolish stories about his favorite, Marian Barton.

"Why, it's that swell chap that I bamboozled about Miss Marian," he thought; and actuated by an inexplicable instinct, he crept cautiously after him until he came up so as to catch a second glimpse of his face.

The gentleman walked with a bent head and downcast eyes, and was evidently lost in sad and earnest thought.

His face was colorless, as if from sickness and confinement from the air, and he looked very much wasted, as if from the same cause.

Pat watched him closely, crouching among the ornamental railings of the square to let him go by, and shaking his young head meantime with an air of self-reproach.

"Why, I must have been dreaming to lie to that chap," he thought, "he's one of the good ones, I can see it in his face, and something has gone wrong with him and made him sort of melancholy. Oh, cracky! I wonder if he wouldn't be the right one to talk to about poor Lucy? I see our Moll isn't going to save her," he added to himself in a distressed tone. "I couldn't believe that Moll was so hard hearted as to sit there and see old Meg driving that poor gal to destruction!"

He looked wistfully after the retreating form, and strange impulses stirred within him.

"I feel as if I ought to run and catch hold of that gent, and say, 'Oh, mister, I'm ashamed to tell you that all that stuff I said that night was lies, and now I want your help in real earnest to save Miss Marian's poor sister that is going wild with trouble, and getting into a mess there isn't water enough in the biggest river to wash her clear of.'"

But still the boy did not obey his impulse; it drew him strongly, but he resisted it.

"He's such a swell, he might kick me away, and call me a lying beggar," suggested his fears.

He sat still, balancing between them, and the object of his uncertainty disappeared from sight.

"I'll wait till he comes round again. He's a walking for pleasure, and he'll come round the square again," said Pat.

But before the gentleman could reach the spot, another figure hove in sight, and called to the boy sharply—

"What are you up to, you young vagabond?" demanded Jim Bell, for it was he. "What do you mean dodging like a young fox half over town, and keeping me jumping after you, hey?"

He had reached the lad as he made this last inquiry, and he emphasized it by a pretty rough shake at the collar of his ragged jacket.

"I've a quick job on hand that must be done to-night or to-morrow night at farthest, and I need you to help me. Go home and get to sleep, and if I need you Meg will be after you at eleven; if not, sleep away till I send, but have your wits sharp, for, by Heavens, if we fail through your stupidity, I'll riddle your young hide with bullets!"

With this threat, and displaying unusual excitement as he made it, Jim sent the boy off homeward, with no very gentle impetus of his heavy hand; but he himself lingered behind to reconnoitre the elegant mansion of the Blanchards that stood on the other side of the square.

(To be continued in our next. Commenced in No. 8.)

☞ A man named Shaw, of Washington county, N. Y., has been convicted of poisoning his whole family. His wife and several children died, and one of the children who recovered is almost an idiot.

☞ It may be regarded as one of the signs of the times that tailors who formerly exulted to trust and blushed to be paid are becoming far less accommodating. Several of the most prominent of the trade in Boston "have agreed to publish in two of the daily papers the names and residences of their customers who do not pay promptly." This gloomy catalogue is soon to appear. It is hard to pay for pantaloons which have been worn out; it will be harder not to be able to buy any pantaloons at all.

☞ "Rules to govern people who are drowning" are published at length in a Milwaukee paper. This is a good idea, and should be followed by several similar codes, such as "Directions for ladies and gentlemen blown up in a steamboat;" "Guide for the victims of a railway collision;" "System to be pursued by aeronauts who fall from their balloons;" "The whole duty of man after a nitro-glycerine explosion;" "Regulations to be followed by all persons struck by lightning;" and "Proper deportment during a rapid descent from a sixth story window."

☞ The most practical lover has been discovered at Bristol. In one of his letters to his sweetheart he wrote:—"I wish, my darling, that you would not write me such long letters. If you were to bring an action for breach of promise against me, the lawyers would copy the correspondence between us, and charge fourpence for every folio of seventy-two words. The shorter the letters, the more we save from the lawyers." And yet he was not a lawyer.

☞ RELIC HUNTING.—The custodian of what has been Garibaldi's straw-stuffed bed in Ischia was heard to mutter, on seeing a lady carrying away a few straws as a relic, "They *will* do it; I've stuffed it six times already since the general left."

☞ Mrs. Coyle, an old lady, living in New York, put her head out of the window during a storm, and was struck by lightning. She was stunned for a moment, and had the top of her head singed, but she recovered. She says if she "had only seen the lightning a minute sooner she would have dodged it, but somehow she ain't so spry as she was sixty years ago."

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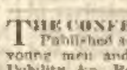

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OVER THE SILVER RHINE.

We sat beside a window,
We friends and travellers three,
Journeying through the old world lands,
From a country over the sea.
And the broad fields lay beneath us,
Hedged with the clustering vine,
As we glanced from out our window
Over the silver Rhine.

Along its banks were clustered
Old towns and hamlets fair;
And the sound of the chime-bells ringing
Filled o'er and soon the air.
And the water danced and sparkled
Like gems in the summer's shine,
As we looked from out our window
Over the brilliant Rhine.

And we saw the swift boats gliding
On the golden waves below,
Or anchored, listlessly swaying
With the river's ebb and flow.
And we marked afar in the distance
Its current's shining line,
As we leaned from out our window
Over the murm'ring Rhine.

And we talked of the Past and the Future;
And the blessed hopes that rise,
In the golden glow of summer,
To the youthful dreamer's eyes.
Sweet were our dreams that morning,
Oh, early friends of mine!
As we gazed from out our window
Over the beautiful Rhine.

Now years have rolled between us,
And that morning's golden glow,
With its pictures and its music,
Are the things of long ago.
And afar in Memory's vista
Those blessed visions shine,
More fair than the golden ripples
Over the sparkling Rhine.

And still in the gloomy weather
That comes with winter chill,
When the blast is bleak and bitter,
And the snow shrouds vale and hill,
I think of that summer morning;
And its blessed memories shrine,
Like a sacred spot, that window
Over the peaceful Rhine.

We have stood since then by a river
More dark than the ocean tide;
And two have crossed its waters,
And are safe on the other side.
I have dreamed of the vales they are treading,
Where flowers of asarauth twine,
More sweet than the shining landscape
That is clasped by the flowing Rhine.

And I think when I shall join them,
In that country over the sea,
We shall sit and dream together
Once more, we pilgrims three.
We shall look from heights supernal,
Where Time's broad river rolls,
Sweeping away below us,
With its freight of human souls;
And our dreams shall then be real,
Lived out in the life divine,
Of a morn more fair than shone ever
Over the silver Rhine.

SEABRIGHT'S DREAM.

BY MILLIE W. CARPENTER.

With her intense love for the sea, a part of which her warm, bright, breezy nature was, it seemed probable that Seabright would marry a sailor; though whether it was to be one of the numerous swains round Nantucket, each one of whom swore he carried her name graven on his heart, or some favored wanderer from foreign ports, who could say?

Born on the sea, on a day so still, so clear, so crystalline that one could hardly distinguish the line of water below from the pure ether above, where fleets of white ships were anchored, there had been great rejoicing over the advent of the tiny mariner; and when the ship rode into port, the sailors, who adored their captain's lovely lady, took Mrs. Seaborn on her mattress on their shoulders and bore her in a tremor of fright and laughter over the ship's side, across the plank and up the quiet street of the quiet town, and left her with her cooing baby in her arms safe and smiling in the parlor of her home.

Hence the child's name, Seabright, and hence her sunny nature, which was ever like a strain of silvery flute-like music in Captain Seaborn's house. As time went on the good captain grew richer. He built his own ships and carried on an extensive commerce; and when his girl was seventeen he launched the trimmest, neatest craft that ever cut the waters round Nantucket, and named her Seabright.

"You shall sail with me on her trial trip, lads," Captain Seaborn said to a knot of his favorite "boys," whom he had invited to the christening, "and he who proves himself worthiest shall be her captain and be my Seabright's husband."

Then went up a great shout from the listening group. The captain smiled. Of the line of handsome, sunburnt, wind-browned faces closing round him, there was not one but that had bent in supplication before the sweet sea-maiden, not one but had begged the father to intercede for the shy daughter's favor.

There was a moment's confusion and tossing of caps in air, and shouts of "Hurrah!—now for a stout heart, and joy to the winner."

"Stand back, boys," cried Ray Richmond, springing to the front. "I'm sorry for you if you love the maiden; but if the moving of all earth and heaven itself will help me, I'll move them and win my bride. I swear it!" and he held up his right hand impressively.

Captain Seaborn looked down, not quite pleased, nor yet wholly offended, into the audacious speaker's flushed dark face. He saw that he was thoroughly in earnest: the uplifted hand was clenched, a fierce resolve shone in the large black eyes.

"You've got a nimble tongue, Ray," he said at last, "and I'll not deny that sweet words win on women. You can sing a dainty song and play a pretty air on the flute, and you can write fair love verses. But there are times when a stout heart and a strong arm count mighty odds against these winsome gifts. And my Seabright is a girl not to be lightly won. Remember!"

So saying, the bluff old sailor turned on his heel and left them.

It might have been this warning, acting on the young sailor's impressionable nature, which caused him to throw off his easy, assured manner, and set himself to work more earnestly than he had hitherto done. But one day, helping with the boxes which were to be shipped from the great warehouses, his hand slipped on the cords of the pulleys, the heavy wares came tumbling down, struck his arm motionless to his side and fell against him, and he was crushed down by their weight.

When his injuries were examined, it was found that the numbness of his arm was but temporary and would soon pass away, leaving perhaps an uncomfortable weakness of the shoulder; but a bone below the knee was splintered and broken.

Then followed days of pain and worry, in which Ray tossed on his bed and thought of his impious words of that other day when he had vowed to move all heaven and earth but that he would win his bride. And now he lay crippled and helpless, and the Seabright was to sail without him.

"Never mind, my boy," said the captain, when he came in to say good-bye. "Your risk shall be the same with the others. Don't fret yourself into a fever. You shall have a chance."

But Ray turned and fretted, and tossed the bed clothes impatiently.

"I hate doing nothing," he cried, furiously, "I'm lying here half sick and half well, incapable, while the other lads are at work. Promise me one thing, captain. Promise me that the vessel shall have a second trial trip, and that I may go with her."

"Well, I promise," said the good-natured captain, "though I doubt if it's quite fair to the other boys, who have not broken their bones. They'll storm well, I warrant. And, after all," he went on looking back mysteriously, as he left the room, "who knows but your best chance to serve me may be here at home. Look well to it, Ray, and remember, if danger comes, that you are to protect my Seabright as you would your life."

So the vessel sailed, and Ray was left behind. His hurts mended rapidly, helped no doubt by his mistress's sunny smile and cooing, pitying voice, and not many days passed before he was out basking in the soft September weather.

Being an invalid, he had little to do but lie at Seabright's feet if she would let him, and when she wearied of him and drove him away, he drifted in his tiny boat on the water that lapped the wall below her window, and sang his tenderest songs in his tenderest, most thrilling voice.

"You're wasting time," she flashed out one night, turning on him, weary of the music, both voice and flute. "You are frightfully idle. Here you are getting strong and well again, but you are contented to lie in a boat, singing silly love-verses that make me laugh. You are doing nothing to prove yourself a daring sailor, worthy to command the Seabright."

"But I am trying to prove to you how much I love you," Ray answered, flushed and sulky. "Is that nothing? Perhaps you will not always laugh at my love, even if you do at my songs. And, at any rate, it is because I love you that I write them."

He hardly knew what he was saying in his surprise and anger at her sudden attack. He shut up his flute-case with a bang, and stalked across the room as haughtily as he could, considering his weak leg, where the bone was hardly mended.

"Bah!" said Miss Seabright, spreading out her skirts, and sitting down to the piano. "One gets tired of sentiment when one has it every day. Write me a song about the sea to-morrow, and I will learn it, and we will sing it together."

She began playing and singing a breezy *rondeau*, looking over her shoulder at Ray, and laughing. But, as the young man, mollified, came back and would have bent tenderly over her chair, she sprang to her feet, and so standing up and bending over, she began Barry Cornwall's ever-beautiful Song of the Sea.

She sang with flashing eyes and an almost fierce excitement in her manner, accompanying herself on the piano:

> "I'm on the sea! I'm on the sea!
> I am where I would ever be,
> * * * * *
> I love, oh, how I love to ride
> On the fierce, foaming, bursting tide,"

and when she finished there were tears on her flushed cheeks.

"I love such a song as that," she cried, "there's life in it and spirit. It carries the very salt of the waves in its glorious lines. Write me such a song as that and I would love you all my life for it." And without waiting for reply or to say good-night to him, she sprang away up the stairs to her own room.

She was in a nervous, high-wrought mood. Her blood ran like quicksilver in her veins, her eyes flashed like stars. She flung open the shutter of her window, and leaning out into the blue heaven, kissed her hand toward Africa where her father's ship was lying.

"Good-night, sweet father," she cried, aloud. "I know by the beat of my heart that you are thinking of your little seaborn girl to-night. Or is it not evening where you are, and are you catching your first look of the morning sun as it rises out of the dripping mist of that wine-flushed, southern sea?"

She heard her lover's footsteps going down the walk, and bending her head she called to him a gay good-night. But he could not, or would not hear, being hurt by her careless words, and he made no response.

"I have offended him," mused Seabright, softly. "Good, faithful Ray—I believe I was very naughty." Then aloud she called: "I love you, Ray. Good-night! Good-night!"

But whether he heard her and answered she could not tell. She heard her mother's footsteps in the hall, and in a flutter of amusement and terror she closed the window and crept to bed. She fell asleep at once, but her dreams were restless and disturbed. A chill of terror crept over her which she could not account for. It seemed in her sleep that the night darkened, and the sea rose, and then out of its awful turmoil afar off a voice called to her, "Seabright! Seabright! come, come!"

Three times the cry was repeated, and then, in her dreams, she rose and in her white night dress ran in the darkness to the stormy beach. The sharp rock cut her bare feet and the wind blew coldly through and through her, and still she struggled on till weak with pain and terror she awoke.

She sat up trembling in bed, quite unable for a moment to tell where she was. Then everything came back to her.

"It was a dream!" she sobbed. "Oh, what a fearful dream!" She sank down among her pillows, relieved, and was half-laughing at the remembrance of her fright, when a sudden sense of peculiar dampness in her hair and garments struck her. She moved uneasily in bed and felt that her feet were moist and damp and cold, as if with contact with the bare wet earth, as if she had been walking barefoot on the sand.

She sprang out of bed and lighted her lamp. She looked at her tiny white feet, and saw—was it indeed a trace of sand clinging to her rosy flesh? With a cry of horror she flew back to her bed and covering her face with the sheets sobbed herself to sleep once more.

And once more in her sleep the dream came back to her. She heard the rise and moan of the sea, and out of the dreadful, far-stretching blackness she heard the cry repeated thrice:

"Seabright, Seabright! come, come!"

Again she awoke, and again was conscious of that feeling of dampness and moist clinging sand. There must be some awful meaning to that cry.

"It was my father's voice that called me," she said, with a shiver. "He has come back; he is in some deadly peril and he summons me to his side. I must go."

With a sort of supernatural courage the young girl dressed herself, and wrapping a cloak about her she crept softly downstairs out into the clear calm starlight.

The night was yet early; midnight had not struck, but only the edge of a late moon lifted itself, warm and red, in the eastern horizon. Seabright ran on unmolested; she saw nothing, heard nothing. The sea was calm, but suddenly along the sky before her she saw spars of red light uplifted. Lance after lance shot upward, quivering, lengthening, flaming from behind the headland that there jutted out far into the water. Seabright pondered a moment, and then wrung her hands.

It was her father's vessel burning. He had returned, and the wreckers had lured him to that wild coast, and his ship was burning there before her eyes. Perhaps he too was dying, and so had called her in his agony. She did not stop to reason. She was bewildered, frightened, half delirious with the terror of her dream and of her lonely situation.

Seeing a boat moored to the rocks she sprang into it; perhaps she could reach her father yet. The light was leagues and leagues away, but she did not think of that. She was well accustomed to use the oars, and with all her slender strength she bent to the task and began her voyage outward across the water.

On and on she swept, guiding her light toy skilfully, till suddenly she heard a sound as of oars close by. She looked up; somebody was pursuing her; another boat, with a single rower, was coming toward her, between her and the shore. A sudden horrible sense of her desolate situation came over her; she rose like one waking out of a sleep. With a cry she stretched out her arms helplessly.

"Oh, have pity on me," she cried, "I am all alone! have pity!"

"Seabright!" cried a voice that she knew well.

"Ray, Ray!" she sobbed, "Is it you? Thank God for your coming—oh, thank God!" and with a glad cry, as the boats touched, she sprang forward and fell into his arms.

He gathered her to his heart with sobs and wild exclamations.

"Child, child!" he cried, "why are you here, alone, at this hour? What is the meaning of this? Are you mad?"

"I don't know. I believe I am," she put her hands to her head in a confused way. "I had such a dream; oh, such a dream," and she clung to him, frightened anew, and sobbing.

Suddenly she remembered.

"The lights!" she cried, "where are they? I saw them, and I thought my father's ship was burning. He called me in my dream. I heard him. Oh, it was dreadful."

She pointed to the lances of red light that were still flaming, but paler and fainter than an hour since.

"What! The Northern Lights?" Ray cried. "My darling, your voyage would indeed have been an endless one if you set sail for those."

But Seabright was too weak to comprehend. The excitement gone, her head drooped wearily, her eyes closed with a strange apathy, as she sank down in the boat leaning against him.

"I don't know what it was that led me out here," she said. "I feel as if I had been dreaming all this while. There is a dreadful weight on my brain. Let me rest. I am so tired, so weak."

Ray drew her cloak about her; he took off his coat and made it into a pillow for her head, and then began to think about getting to shore. It seemed a far way off, and his arm was terribly weak. Sometimes he feared it would fail him altogether, and more than once he paused in his work with something like a groan. Once Seabright opened her eyes with a sudden, faint look of inquiry.

"How came you to follow me?" she asked.

"I saw you when you left the house. I was at my window, smoking. I thought it was you and I called, but you did not answer. Then I followed, but you were too quick for me, and I had to run back for my boat. That hindered, and I thought I should lose you."

There were figures on the rocks when at last they got to the shore. The coast guard and some tourists, and a group of fishermen getting ready to go out for their morning's work; and between them all the two voyagers were somehow got home. Of course there were many exclamations, and much pitying, and explanations to be made. It seemed to Ray that things never could be explained, and he gave it up in disgust till Seabright should be able to tell her own story, and with it her wonderful dream.

"I can't think what caused it," she said, shaking her pretty head. "Perhaps I had been thinking all day of papa and his ship, and I had been reading a queer old book all about the sailors' dreams and superstitions. It may have been that."

"I think rather it was the cordial you took before dinner," said Mrs. Seaborn, wisely. "Don't you remember you complained of neuralgia, and you had the cologne water? It must have flown to your head."

"I tell you, dearie," put in the old nurse, "it was the cup of strong tea you drank for supper. Don't you know that when you drink strong tea you always has nerves after it? You take my word for it, it was that. Don't you drink no more tea, either."

So they went on, giving opinions, and suggesting, and explaining, and when they got through they knew no more about it than when they began. One said it was nerves, and one tea, and one cordial and cologne water, and one the atmosphere. And there it ended, right in the middle of it.

When Captain Seaborn came home he listened, and he, too, shook his head gravely.

"Better not argue about it," he said, "A dream is a dream. You can't explain it away, and you can't make it real life. I sometimes fancy that our dreams are bits of a different life, lived in another world than this. But one thing I see," he added, looking at the young couple shrewdly, "and that is, that the Seabright will not have to sail on a second trial trip."

Of course there were blushes and conscious confusion.

"Well, well! I thought as much, if you stayed behind. And we were young, too, once," he said, tenderly, as he put his arm about his wife's waist; and together they went off to their chairs on the piazza to talk over the coming wedding.

LADY VISITOR.—"Can you tell me what is meant by your ghost'ly enemy?"
LITTLE BOY.—"Ooh, I dunno."
L. V.—"Now try and think."
LITTLE BOY, (after a pause).—"The parson, mum?"

THAT CLODHOPPER.

BY DAISY BURNS.

"Girls! girls!" exclaimed handsome Ned Clayton, bursting into his sister's parlor in his boyish way, where several young ladies sat crocheting, embroidering, &c.; "a fine chance for you; guess who's come."

"Has the Grand Duke Alexis returned?" asked his Sister Nettie, looking up from her work.

"Oh, Nett, no; but Horace Hampton has."

"Oh! oh!" exclaimed the girls, all dropping their work.

"When did he come?" asked one.

"Have you seen him?" asked another.

"How does he look?" inquired another. And Julia Marston wanted to know if Ned was sure he was not married.

"I haven't seen him," said Ned, "but the boys say he's splendid looking. But Julo, he ain't married—for his Aunt Lina is to keep house."

"Oh!" said Nettie. "They'll open the Grange, and maybe give a ball."

"But that hateful old maid, Miss Lina," said Julia Marston.

"Oh, Jule," said Nett. "She's real kind; don't you remember the apples she used to give us as we went to school; and—"

"But I can't tolerate old maids."

"It's her own fault she's an old maid," said Nettie, "she had plenty of suitors, but her lover died."

"Then I'd have found another; I just wouldn't be an old maid."

"Watch out, Jule," said Ned, "you may be one yet."

"Pooh!" said the young lady, "I'm going to set my cap for Horace Hampton. Just wait 'til I'm mistress of the Grange, I'll give you balls, but that old maid won't hang around me. Oh, Nettie, I must get a new silk for the ball next week; a green would suit me."

"I thought you would wear your pink one," said one young lady.

"Oh, I didn't know the master of the Grange had come then," she answered.

"Nett," said Ned, "I wish you'd captivate the fellow, I'd like to hunt over those grounds, first-rate, once in a while."

"Oh hush, brother! as if I could captivate anyone when Jule, here, is after him," and she laughed her merry laugh, while Julia contended she would get him.

Horace Hampton had been absent from Clovertop ten years, having gone at the age of fifteen to Cambridge, and afterward travelled over the whole of Europe.

Now, at last, he returned to take charge of his estate, one of the handsomest properties in that whole region of country.

Nettie remembered the handsome boy that used to pick the briers from her fingers, at school, and lift her over the branches, and she wondered if she would know him, or if he would know her, but as that was ten years ago it was not likely they would recognize each other.

One day Julia Marston and Nettie Clayton were out walking. They had left the road and were rambling through the forest, when the sound of a groan reached their ears. Nettie immediately led the way to whence the sound came, and found the figure of a man stretched upon the ground. A handsome face, though pale, but his pantaloons were covered with burrs and mud, and he was minus a coat. An axe lay by his side, and it was evident the gash on his wrist had been made with it. A few little wooden pegs were scattered about, as if newly made. His wrist was bleeding too freely, Nettie thought, and after dipping her little lace handkerchief in the brook and wiping his face with it, she sat down and caught the cut between her thumb and forefinger, thus preventing the flow of blood. The man unclosed his eyes.

"You are so kind," he said, faintly.

"Are you much hurt?" Nettie asked.

"It's only from the loss of blood. The sight of it always sickens me. I was making a rustic flower-stand for—the axe glanced, and—"

"Don't talk any more, you are too weak."

"Well, Nett," said Julia, "how much longer are you going to stop here with this clodhopper, I'd like to know?"

"Hush, Jule, he'll hear you. I'm going to stay until you go and send Ned or Dr. Hays here."

"Well, Nettie Clayton, to be so exercised over that man! Now, if it was Horace Hampton, I might play the nurse too."

The man started as she spoke.

"Excuse me," said Nettie, attributing it to her too strong pressure on the wound, "I did not mean to hurt."

Julia walked out from the woods, and Nettie was left alone with the wounded man. Her poor little fingers began to weaken, but she held on, and, just as she was about to relax her hold, Ned and Dr. Hays both stepped into the wood.

"My young friend," said the doctor to Nettie, "you have saved his life; it is a bad cut; he would have bled to death had you not found him when you did. No wonder; don't suppose he ever had an axe in his hand before."

"Why?" asked Nettie.

"Don't you know who it is?"

"No; I never saw him before."

"It is Horace Hampton."

"Oh!" exclaimed Nettie; then turning to Ned, "don't tell Jule, brother," she said, for she remembered how Jule had spoken of him. Jule wore her new silk to the ball, but the heir was not there. She was told sickness prevented him, but the second time she wore it she saw him. It was in Nettie Clayton's little parlor. She was standing with downcast eyes when Ned introduced Mr. Hampton. She looked up and recognized that clodhopper, now dressed in an elegant evening dress. He remarked they had met before, though under different circumstances, and Julia knew the Grange was lost to her, and so it was, but not to Nettie; for she is now its mistress and wife of Horace Hampton, who tells her she won his heart when she nursed him so kindly that day in the woods.

Answers to Correspondents.

PAY YOUR POSTAGE.—Authors and others often send us letters and manuscripts not fully paid. In these cases the Department here enforces payment of the deficiency—which we either have to pay, or to decline receiving the letters or manuscripts. Authors will also bear in mind that the Department now requires letter postage on all manuscripts—therefore it is often cheaper, as it is always safer, to send large packages by express.

WE cannot undertake to answer questions relating to the acceptance or rejection of manuscripts in this column. And there is no occasion of writing to ask whether we will examine a manuscript. Send it on, and we will examine it; keeping a copy, to avoid all danger of loss—as we do not hold ourselves responsible for the safe return of manuscript.

"ON THE HILL," writes: "1st. In reading an advertisement of a college I noticed that the president had the abbreviation 'Ph. D.' annexed to his name. What is the meaning of it? I cannot find it in any list of abbreviations. 2d. What of my handwriting?" 1st. Ph. D. or P. D. means Doctor of Philosophy. 2d. Your handwriting is good and plain, such as we like to see.

CONSTANT READER, (Mill, Wis.,) asks: "1st. Has the book containing the history of Mrs. Mary Y. Tucker, with that of other distinguished authors, yet been published? If so, where can I get a copy? 2d. Where does Grace Greenwood reside? Also, Mrs. Tucker? 3d. How is my handwriting for a clerk of twenty-two?" 1st. The book is out, but is sold by subscription, though it is probable that any respectable bookseller could procure you a copy. 2d. Mrs. Tucker resides in New York, we believe; Grace Greenwood in Washington, D. C. 3d. Not very good.

DALE, (Tennessee,) writes: "My business is very confining, and I wish to go at something that would be more out-of-doors? Can I study surveying successfully without a teacher? What books should I get first? 2d. Can a person's character, etc., be told by his handwriting? 3d. What is my temperament, judging from my writing? 4th. Do you believe in phrenology as relating to a person's writing?" 1st. Almost any study can be pursued successfully without a teacher if a patient and determined spirit is brought to the task; but progress is often slow and discouraging if there is no instructor. As a matter of economy, if your time is worth anything, it would be best to obtain a teacher's aid. Any good elementary work would do to begin with. You could get a catalogue by applying personally or by mail to any publisher of educational text-books. 2d. Such a guide would be a poor one. There is only about enough of truth to be found in that way to give the subject interest. 3d. Nervous, we should say. None but a person of nervous temperament would ask that question. 4th. Is not this question substantially the same as your second?

"NELOE," (Fort Totten, D. T.,) asks: "1st. What portion of the United States furnishes to the market the largest amount of pine lumber (sawed)? 2d. What portion of the United States has the largest quantity of pine lumber? 3d. What is your opinion of my handwriting?" 1st. Maine, probably. More than ten thousand men, year after year, have been engaged upon the Penobscot river alone, in logging and sawing. 2d. The northern portion of the lower peninsula of Michigan and the upper peninsula abound with pine, and the pine forests of northern Wisconsin are of vast extent and importance. These and districts more or less remote make the great Northwest the grand pine producing region of the country. 3d. Your handwriting is good, but has a tendency to too much flourish.

LITTLE JO, (Philadelphia,) asks: "1st. What is the uniform of the Russian infantry at present, their color, &c.? 2d. When was Prince Rudolph, of Austria, born? 3d. What is a kurtka and a basby? Webster don't explain very clearly. 4th. How many war vessels does the navy of France comprise? 5th. Ditto of England? 6th. What does the present standing army of Prussia number? What is the number of the infantry? the cavalry? the artillery? 7th. What color is the uniform of the present Spanish infantry? 8th. When was Prince Humbert, of Italy, born? 9th. Who is the Crown Prince of Sweden, and when was he born? 10th. What per cent. is my handwriting?" 1st. We have been unable to find an answer to this question. Great regard is paid, however, to the dress-appearance of the troops. In the more select regiments the men are classified in the most minute manner as to resemblance. 2d. August 21, 1856. 3d. We do not find the former word in Webster at all. The word nearest approaching to it in orthography is kruka—a species of sparrow found in Russia and Prussia. Busby is a military cap made of bearskin, and worn by infantry. 4th. About 180 effective vessels. 5th. England about 550, though a recent statement declares that this exceeds the number actually fit for service. In time of peace the strength of navies rapidly declines. 6th. It is very large. The Prussian Military Gazette says, "A million of soldiers can at any moment be placed in the field by a telegram from Berlin." The proportion of cavalry is unusually large—about one mounted soldier to every eight of infantry. The number of guns is near sixteen hundred. It is very difficult to give definite answers to such questions as these, as even statistics do not always agree. 7th. We do not know. 8th. March 14, 1844. 9th. Gustavus, born June 16, 1858. 10th. About fifty.

ANTI-GOSSIP, (Flat Rock,) writes: "Like many others, I come to you for advice, but my case is very different from any that I have yet seen in your columns. In our neighborhood there is a set of gossips, who keep the neighborhood in a continual uproar by making and telling news; and what makes it look so bad, a great many of them belong to the church, and they do not pay the least regard to the truth, unless it is to shun it. Knowing their disposition, I have tried to keep my name out of their reach, but at last they have got it in a scandalous tale or falsehood. Would you advise me to say anything to them about it? or is it best to let it pass, knowing it to be a falsehood? Do you think that such people ought to be permitted to live in a civilized country? Why don't people attend to their own business?" Keep silent by all means, unless a few plain words spoken by you or for you by some friend will set you unequivocally right. There is nothing so trying and baffling to detractors as silence. It is just what they don't want. Few persons assailed by gossip ever suffer much or long if they will only keep still, whether truth or untruth be uttered of them. If "such people are not to be permitted to live in a civilized country," who is going to act as executioner or pay the expenses of transporting them? Your last question is the hardest of all questions to answer, since we are all chary of our interests, and nothing pays so well as minding one's own business. Allow us to say, though, that some people do mind their own business.

MUSICUS, (Mo.,) asks: "1st. Is there any good college or university where a person could obtain Musical Degrees by passing a written examination at home; that is without going to the expense of visiting the institution? 2d. What is the probable cost of obtaining said degree?" 1st. We know of no such college. Degrees, musical, medical or other, should always be obtained in a straightforward way—and personal presence is usually indispensable. 2d. We cannot say. The mere matriculation fee would not be much.

W. C. OSBORNE, (Cincinnati, Ohio,) asks: "If an individual obtains a patent on a certain invention at the *British* Patent Office, would a person in the United States applying for a patent of exactly the same principles, obtain a patent right of it here?" No; the applicant for a patent must be the inventor or discoverer of the thing, and not merely the introducer of it into this country. But in some cases there might be a conflict as regards discrimination between things and principles.

B. S. W., (Nassau, Tenn.) The book "Land We Live In," is sold by subscription. It is issued in semi-monthly parts, at fifty cents each, and will be completed by June next. Price of the whole work, twenty-four dollars. Publishers, D. Appleton & Co., New York.

B. C. G., (Charleston, West-Virginia,) writes: "In Washington City I am aware that there are quite a number of women employed by the general government. Will the Post state what some of their duties are, or, what kind of work they perform, and the pay they generally get? Please name their highest and lowest salaries." Women are employed as clerks in several of the Departments—in the Treasury Department especially. A place is hard to get, the duties arduous, and the pay, considering the dearness of Washington as a place of residence, not large. Salaries range from five hundred to fifteen hundred dollars, according to proficiency of the individual.

TOBACCO, (Pallada,) writes: "I am in the habit of chewing a great deal of tobacco, and I would like to quit it if I could, but can't, unless I get something to chew in the place of it. I don't know what to get, and so ask you to inform me." If you are really in earnest in your desire to break up the habit to which you are addicted, you will probably have to think of something beside a substitute for the weed. A strong and persistent effort of will, will probably be needed to effect your deliverance. If you are incapable of making this, all the substitutes in the world will probably not succeed. We think there are some substitutes, however, that are useful in a degree. Perhaps some of our readers can enlighten you by their experience in the matter.

CARL, (Ryerson's Station, Greene Co., Pa.,) writes: "I notice in your correspondents' column of Oct. 11th, an inquiry of a subscriber (Reston, Tenn.,) about beech trees being struck by lightning—now I am not going to state to you or your subscriber that I have known this phenomenon to occur; on the contrary—during a residence of thirty-eight years in this wooden country, where beech is a common tree, I have not known a single one to be struck by lightning, nor have I ever heard of such a thing. Locality will not account for this immunity from the electric fluid, for other trees of less prominence in the immediate vicinity of beech have been struck. There must be some deeper cause, which if investigated might prove of value to science, and to call attention to this is the object of the present writing. There is another tree in this country that seems to be almost free from the effects of lightning. I refer to the buttonwood or sycamore—in all my experience I have known but one tree of this kind to be struck; while low, scrubby red-oaks have been rifled by the thunderbolts, this giant of our creek-bottoms has towered to over a hundred feet in height unscathed by the storms of centuries. Red-oak seems to suffer most from lightning; white-oak next in order. The chestnut seems to come in for a fair share of the 'bolts of Jove.' Black-walnut and locust, and sugar maple, about equally exposed. Now the question arises: is there anything in the formation and sap of these various trees which make them a non-conductor or conductor of lightning, and if so, what? To be fashionable: how is my hand-writing?" There is certainly something remarkable in the singular exemption of certain kinds of trees from the effects of lightning. It may be owing to properties they possess as non-conductors. We have seen it stated that beech trees are sometimes struck, but never knew of a case. The buttonwood we have known to be. Yet the fact remains that both are very rarely injured by the electric fluid, and there must be an exact cause for it. We can imagine no other than the one suggested above. Your hand-writing is good.

R. W., (Lexington, Ky.), asks: "1st. What is the meaning of the common expression, 'Shakspeare never repeats,' so often used by persons not dealing to repeat, and who, perhaps as ignorant as I, wish to appear smart? 2d. Who is the author of the lines:

> 'Is is not all of life to live,
> Nor all of death to die?'

3d. Is it unlawful to paste an article from a paper, for instance, a marriage notice, on a postal card, and send by mail?" 1st. The meaning of the expression is just what it says—that Shakspeare never repeats. If you are a reader of his works, you cannot fail to observe that he is seldom guilty of tautology. Infinite variety of expression is his; his language and ideas are constantly new. He is a master, and not an imitator, even of himself, as authors often become. 2d. The lines are familiar to us, and we have heard the author's name, but just now are unable to give it. Some of our readers will probably favor us with it. 3d. No. In reply to your other question we will say that the writer mentioned will appear again in the Post when her other duties permit.

BOB WINDER, (Home), writes: "Please oblige a young reader of the Post—that invaluable visitor—by answering a few questions. 1st. I am a printer, and would like to get a badge, similar to those worn by members of secret societies. Of what should it consist; what especial form should it be made; and where in the city of Philadelphia could I get one? 2d. How are my writing and grammar, this last being a fair sample of the former?" 1st. If you belong to a secret society, you can easily apply to a fellow-member for the information you ask. We suppose each society has its own particular badge. You could probably get one made to order or ready-made at any place where badges, emblems, etc., are kept for sale. 2d. Your penmanship is fair; your composition not so good. We have made two alterations in the grammatical construction of the latter. You used a singular verb with a plural nominative.

"BLUE EAGLES," (Alexandria, Indiana,) asks: 1st. What are the seven wonders of the world? 2d. Who were the six wise men of Greece? 3d. Where is the garden of Eden out of which Adam was taken? 4th. If a hunter was to see a squirrel in the top of a tree, and he was to keep going around the tree, and the squirrel was to keep on the opposite side of the tree, would he go around the squirrel as well as the tree? 5th. Would you be so kind as to publish the song entitled the Wearing of the Green? 6th. Where is the island of Manhattan?" 1st. The Pyramids of Egypt; the tomb of Mausolus, King of Caria, built by his wife Artemesia, who was so fond of him that she drank his ashes in her wine, and erected to his memory the most magnificent of tombs or monuments—hence the word mausoleum; the Temple of Diana at Ephesus, referred to in the New Testament; the walls and hanging gardens of Babylon; the Colossus of Rhodes; the great statue of Jupiter-Olympus; and the watchtower at Alexandria, a magnificent structure of white marble, upon the top of which a large fire was kept burning for the guidance of sailors at sea. The Tower of Babel is sometimes included in the Seven Wonders in the place of any of the others that the person so including may choose to leave out. Such were the wonders of the ancient world; how far are they surpassed by the wonders of modern achievement? 2d. Who were the six wise men of *Greece*, we presume you mean. There were seven of these worthies, however, the wisest of whom was Thales. The others were Pittacus, Bias, Solon, Chilo, Cleobulos and Periander. 3d. Its exact locality is unknown; by some it is regarded as an imaginary spot. 4th. We think not—no more than the rim of a wheel goes around the hub. This problem may be a very interesting one to you, but we suggest that you give your attention to matters of more practical importance. For instance, you might devote your spare moments to the improvement of your orthography. You spell squirrel with only one r and no e. It may be though, judging from the name you have assumed, that you stand on your dignity as a warrior, and despise the spelling-book accordingly. 5th. Many of our readers have seen the song no doubt, and would not care to behold it in the Post. 6th. The island of Manhattan is the tract of ground on which New York city is situated. You know where that is.

A SUBSCRIBER, (East Pike, N. Y.,) writes: "1st. In getting up clubs for the Post, does Arthur's Home Magazine count as the Lady's Friend used to do? And do the yearly subscribers receive its engraving just the same? 2d. Can you tell me how to color ivory a durable black? 3d. Can you tell how to color hair brown, I mean after it is taken from the head? 4th. Where can the chloride of silver be obtained? How is it made? 5th. If a person on dying, wills a certain sum to be paid in yearly instalments, and it is not paid in years after it becomes due, how long will it be before it will be outlawed in New York?" 1st. Yes; see terms on fourth page. 2d. We know of no process to effect this. 3d. Try some of the recommended hair dyes. It is about the only safe way to use them. 4th. Of almost any druggist. It is made by adding hydrochloric acid, or the solution of any chloride (as common salt) to a solution of silver. It then appears as a white curdy precipitate. Chloride of silver, kept in solution by the alkaline chlorides, probably exists in minute quantities in all sea-water. M. Malaguti, an eminent French chemist, has estimated on the basis of recent experiments, that each cubic mile of sea-water contains 108,000,000 lbs. of silver in the form of chloride. 5th. If you are interested personally, consult a good lawyer at once. Such a claim is not easily invalidated, but we cannot say in what length of time.

AMY, (Burnet, Texas,) writes: "1st. Who was Alexander Selkirk, and how long did he live by himself on the island? Am I right in thinking it was one of the South American islands? 2d. Who is the author of the well-known little poem beginning, 'Mary had a little lamb?' Lastly, what do you think of my handwriting and spelling for one of my age?" 1st. Alexander Selkirk was a Scottish seaman, born at Largo, Fifeshire, about 1676. He went from England in 1707 as a sailing master on board the privateer Cinque Ports, and in consequence of a quarrel with his captain, was put ashore at his own request on the island of Juan Fernandez. He was sufficiently supplied with clothes, arms, ammunition and other necessaries, and remained on the island in solitude four years and four months, when he was taken off by Captain Woods, and carried to England. Subsequently he entered the navy, and held the post of lieutenant when he died. His romantic story is supposed to have suggested to Daniel Defoe the still more romantic story of Robinson Crusoe. The island of Juan Fernandez is off the western coast of South America. 2d. We are sorry we cannot give you the name of the author of the verses. Their simplicity is worthy of Wordsworth. Somebody has missed an immortality of fame by neglecting to put his (or her) name to the "poem." We wonder that several do not claim it, as that is sometimes the case with famous productions whose authorship is not well authenticated. 3d. Your handwriting and spelling are good for a young person—you do not give your age.

A. B., (Oak Grove,) writes: "Will you be kind enough to let me know the price of the poems, 'Sheila,' by Ella Wheeler, and where I can get it? or if you will send it to me?" We do not know the price of the book. Address the publishers, Horner & Hurey, Milwaukee, Wisconsin. They will inform you. We hope a number of our readers will send for it. It would make a very pretty Christmas present.

[Several letters are held over to be answered in our next.]